

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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ONE HOUR OLD AT THE ZOO

TAKING A WALK AT ONE HOUR OLD

BABY KIANG AND ITS STORY

A Traveller's Tale of a Horse of the Steppes

THE STEED THAT GAVE UP ITS FREEDOM

There is another proud story to tell of the splendid Zoo. A baby kiang has been born there.

Kiangs are the fine wild asses of the Asian steppes, which range through Tibet up to 16,000 feet, the roof of the world. But they are represented in London, and two of them are now the parents of a shaggy, thick-coated, long-legged baby, which within an hour after being born took a stroll to look at the strange world into which it had come.

The adult kiangs just now are sleek in their coats of chestnut and white, but their infant has a covering like a young bear. How hot he must have been during our heat wave! At home in Tibet his greatcoat would have been just the thing.

A Touch of Mystery

When we meet a kiang face to face we say at once "A wild horse," but for all his horse-like points he is an ass. There is a true wild horse in Asia, and perhaps that is the ancestral form of all our horses; but as to the horse, as with every domesticated animal we have, there is a touch of mystery.

As we all know, there was not a horse in all the wide range of America when Columbus reached there. In the soil and in the rocks were every known species of horse yet evolved, but not a living specimen; some unexplained catastrophe had obliterated the entire family. Yet, if our evidence can be relied on, the horse, like the camel, originated in America.

Pioneer Horses

The supposition is that when the temperature of Siberia and Alaska was temperate and kind, and the two lands joined where Bering Strait now exists, the American horse tribes threw out exploring troops which ventured into Asia and never returned. The stay-at-homes mysteriously perished; the pioneers wandered on and today teem in many lands.

The kiang may, therefore, have had an American origin with an Asian development; but it remains unquestionably ass-like for all its deceptive features. Most of us may not detect the differences, but scientists do, and so do horses!

Some years ago Brehm, the great traveller and naturalist, was out travelling in the Asian wilds with an escort of Khirgiz horsemen when he sighted a number of kiangs on one of their migrations. He was attracted particularly to one pair, which paused to watch them from the crest of a distant hillock, so

Three Little Maids From School



Now that the school holiday season has arrived thousands of boys and girls are enjoying themselves at the seaside, and those who have not yet gone away will be envying these three little maids, who are managing to keep cool on a hot summer's day

arousing the hunting instinct of the Khirgiz riders.

One of the two presently turned away uneasily and trotted off toward the mountains; the other paused as if rooted to the spot, throwing up its head and snuffing the breeze. At last it moved toward the horsemen, coming on at a confident trot. To the half-wild riders it seemed like a meal coming to be eaten, and all guns were loosened.

How foolish they thought this dappled kiang as it came on and on, now halting, tossing its head and snuffing, now coming on again in a fearless amble, until at last one of the Khirgiz, Brehm's personal attendant, broke into a merry laugh. "That is not a kiang; it is a horse," he said, "a horse that has strayed from a Khirgiz herd."

And so it proved. The horse, very kiang-like in its markings, had indeed obeyed the call of the wilds; it had broken out into the wilderness and had long consorted with wild kiangs. But

now it saw its own flesh and blood; it had recognised the horses from afar, and had come back to claim relationship.

It quietly submitted to be haltered. It surrendered its freedom in order to be with horses again. So the baby kiang at the Zoo must remember its origin, and not masquerade as either a great Sheltie or a tiny Shire; it is a junior donkey of Tibet.

E. A. B.

IS THE WATER PURE?

Ultra-violet-rays have found a new use in the testing of drinking water.

The important discovery has been made that bad drinking water does not allow the rays to pass through it so easily as pure water, or as ordinary drinking water containing harmless mineral salts. It is now possible, by looking through a tube of water only four inches long with a simple instrument, to detect at once whether it is fit for drinking.

THE FACE OF JESUS

TALK ABOUT A NEW WORD-PORTRAIT

A Document Said to be by the Historian Josephus

IS IT TRUE?

For nearly two thousand years men have been painting the likeness of Jesus.

They had no historical portrait to guide them, yet there has always been a tradition that He was a slender, bearded man, whose hair was parted in the middle. Nothing in the world could be more dramatic than the discovery of some evidence which would tell us whether our tradition is true.

Now, after all these years, it is said that the evidence has been found.

Dr. Eisler, of the Historical Institute of Vienna University, thinks that he has discovered a historical description of Jesus. There has been much interest in the Russian version of a work by the historian Josephus, and some scholars believe that, although it has been much mutilated, it is authentic and of great value. It is here that Dr. Eisler declares he has found an account of Jesus.

On the Mount of Olives

It is an unfriendly passage. Josephus says the man called Jesus claimed to be the Son of God, "but I for one shall not call Him an angel." The historian says that He spent much time on the Mount of Olives, and that His preaching was opposed to the law, so that the Jewish leaders told the Romans He was teaching rebellion, and He was crucified. Evidently Josephus thought the execution of Jesus was just and wise. Then he goes on to describe the "soothsayer."

Jesus (according to this account) was of middle size, and stooped a great deal. As He was a Nazarene, and they were not allowed to cut the hair, He wore His parted in the middle. He had a long face and a prominent nose, and His eyebrows grew together, "so that those who saw Him would get frightened."

We must wait for the final verdict of the world's learned men as to whether this is true. It is not an ideal portrait, cunningly put in by a monkish writer, but the vivid description of a real person. It reads like the work of an eye-witness. Perhaps it may be false, or perhaps it may prove to be the most important discovery of our day.

A MOTHER'S EIGHT SONS

An old lady, Mrs. Leveson-Gower, has just died at 88.

She was the mother of eight famous cricketers—H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, sometime Captain of the Surrey Eleven, and his seven brothers, who were almost as famous in their day as the eight Lytteltons.

Their mother was the daughter of the first Lord Leigh, and twin sister of the Dean of Hereford.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN GREAT FRIEND OF THE ARABS

Miss Gertrude Bell and Her Work "Between the Rivers"

MESOPOTAMIA OLD AND NEW

There has just died in Bagdad, a martyr to her sense of duty, one of the real founders of the new State of Mesopotamia, the famous Bible land "between the rivers," now unfortunately called Iraq.



Miss Gertrude Bell.

No Englishman of her time had such direct personal influence among the wild tribesmen of that land as Miss Gertrude Bell. She was the trusted servant of the British Government and the close friend of King Feisul. Her official position was that of Oriental Secretary to the High Commissioner, but in fact she was much more than a secretary; she was our real representative in our dealings with the Mesopotamian people.

Far Out in the Desert

What was the secret of her influence? She believed in the Arab and in his capacity for self-government. For long years before the war she was a student of old and new Mesopotamia, and indeed of all Arabia too. She won the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society for her journey across the Arabian peninsula. She was a noted archaeologist, but her love of ancient Arabia sprang from her love of the new. Like her great exemplar Doughty, she learned to know the Arabs by visiting them in their tents far out in the desert, winning their respect by her confidence in them, shown by the absence of any European companion on her journeys.

When the war came she was able to give invaluable aid to our forces in the East; and when peace came, and with it the mandate of the League of Nations to educate Mesopotamia for self-government, her opportunity came, too, to prove her faith in the Arab.

Terrible Summers in Bagdad

She believed that with the handicap of the Turk's corrupt and incompetent rule removed the Arab would be able to make his own contribution to present-day civilisation as he did to the civilisations of the past, and to help him to do so she devoted the remainder of her life.

For ten years she gave herself scarcely a holiday, remaining in Bagdad through the terrible summers, when the thermometer stands for weeks together at over 120 degrees in the shade. With the signing of the new treaty with King Feisul, and the settlement of the dispute with Turkey over Mosul, she had seen her hopes well on the way to fulfilment, and she would probably have come home had it not been for her interest in the plan for setting up a new archaeological department at Bagdad of which she was director. And now, in the midst of that terrible heat, she has died suddenly in her sleep.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Arequipa	Ah-ray-kee-pah
Demosthenes	De-mos-the-necz
Guatemala	Gwah-tay-mah-lah
Medina	Mc-dee-nah
Perseus	Pers-yews
Sauerkraut	Sour-kraut
Theseus	Thes-yews

THE PROUD P.M.G. What He Carries Every Year TELEPHONE BEATING THE TELEGRAPH

The Postmaster-General wonders whether we realise the immensity of the work done by his department, so he has made a little calculation for us.

If one postal package were dropped every 30 yards between the Earth and the Sun there would still be a few packages left over at the Sun out of those carried by the Post Office during the past year. For there were six thousand million of them, not counting the parcels post!

Our P.M.G. is proud of the rapid increase in the business of his department, but how much greater would that increase be if he gave us back our Penny Post! With his profits of nearly £7,600,000 on the postal side of his work he can surely afford it.

On the other hand, telegraphic business shows a loss as usual, this time about £1,330,000. Here there has been no progress at all, but a very remarkable falling-off. In 1913 there were 66 million inland telegrams against 49 million last year. The reason is very plain, for in the same interval the number of telephone trunk calls increased from 37 to 84 millions.

EATING THE FARMER'S FRIEND

A Bill to Stop the Glutton

Something has been done for the lapwing, the pretty plover that loops the loop above the farmer's fields and fills its larder with the wire-worms.

It is not to be presented with a testimonial, but the House of Lords means to keep its eggs from being stolen. Lord Buckmaster brought in a Bill, or, rather, an amendment to one, which will help the plover to keep its eggs to itself, and so bring up more young lapwings to help the farmer to keep his crops.

Country people see the plover more often than its eggs. Town people who have never watched the lapwing's wheeling flight see the eggs. They cannot help seeing them, for the poulterer's and fishmonger's shops are decked with them in spring. Very pretty they look, too, the grey black-speckled eggs in neat little mossy green baskets, price eight shillings a dozen, or more according to the earliness of the season.

There is nothing very remarkable about the plover's egg except its price. Greedy people eat them because they are dear.

But now, we trust, the eggs will become too dear to be bought at any price. The really good shops do not sell them now. The other shops, not so good, will have to fall into line, and the gluttonous souls who would eat one of the farmer's best friends will have to become unwilling supporters of agriculture.

OLD MAN'S HOME-COMING Brothers and Sisters He Has Never Seen

Sixty-five years ago a boy of twelve, Tom McKee, left Liverpool for America, on a visit to his aunt.

He went out to recover from an illness, but instead of returning he settled there; and now, at 77, he has come back to meet his nine brothers and sisters, only one of whom he has ever seen before.

Two of them were at the Liverpool Landing Stage when he arrived, and their meeting was a very touching one. Though he longed to see this new family in the Old Country he has not been lonely, for in America he has two sons, two daughters, 28 grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

Mr. McKee has just retired after fifty years of service on an American railway.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Ashford in Middlesex has sold its old fire engine for £25.

A municipal garage at Eastbourne is to accommodate sixty charabancs.

The death-watch beetle is causing havoc in the choir stalls of Minster Church, in Thanet.

A Record Halibut

A Grimsby trawler has landed a thirty-stone halibut, said to be the largest that has ever been caught.

Awkward for the Poor Cow

A cow which had strayed on to the line was killed by the Paddington-to-Barmouth express.

Copperless

Derby collected £1300 during a hospital effort, which caused the town to be short of coppers for nearly a week.

Miners as Greek Scholars

A class for the study of Greek is being attended by a number of Welsh miners, financial help having been given by anonymous donors.

Snowdrifts in South Africa

For the first time since 1917 Johannesburg has had a snowstorm, the fall lasting five hours and causing drifts two feet deep.

Cruelty is Cheap in Derbyshire

For cruelly wounding a pigeon with a stone from a catapult a Derbyshire miner was fined only £1. The poor bird bled to death.

13 to 7

In a tug-of-war between the men of Shepperton and the Sunbury police it took 13 Shepperton men to beat the police team of seven.

Young at 90

Mr. William Robinson, aged 90, of Mansfield Woodhouse, still takes a class of boys regularly at the local Primitive Methodist Sunday School.

Town Clock for a Village

Nottingham's old Exchange clock has been purchased by a gentleman who has presented it to Trowell village church, not far from the city.

After Fourteen Years

Posted as missing during the war a German soldier has just returned home from Siberia, where he had been a prisoner since 1914.

Getting Rid of Eyesores

Dorchester Town Council has ordered the removal of two German howitzers from the entrance to the town. The Mayor said they were an eyesore.

A Pigeon's Long Flight

A homing pigeon alighted on the deck of the steamship Auk 100 miles off Flamborough Head. It had been released the same day in a 200-mile race, and was quite vigorous.

The Voice of France

M. Jean Boucher's statue of Marshal Gallieni, military governor of Paris during the war, has just been unveiled in the French capital. It represents Gallieni listening to the voice of France.

MINGI IX

A Clergyman as King

"This is the first time a Christian minister has been made the ruler of his people," said Bishop Howells recently at the coronation of the Rev. Anthony Ockiya, who has for many years been a native minister in the Ibo country of West Africa.

It is all the more remarkable that Mingi IX, as he is called, should have been chosen Amanyanabo, as the king is called, for the area over which he will rule has till very recent times been extremely primitive. Cannibalism has been rife in parts, and Christian missions have not many years of work to look back upon.

The king has for many years been working for the Niger Delta Pastorate Church, and this is the first occasion on which the ceremony of crowning the Amanyanabo has been conducted according to Christian rites. The ceremony took place at St. Luke's Church, Neme.

THE BUILDER WHO WAS LATE

House Trouble 4000
Years Ago

WHAT THE CLAY TABLETS TELL US

If there were no Rent Restriction Act in Ur of the Chaldees the law kept a very tight hand on the builders. Contracts were written on clay tablets then by the lawyers, and to the British Museum have been brought some of these documents which came before the Chaldean Courts 4000 years ago.

It appears that an Ur builder had contracted to finish a house within a given time. He failed to do so, though the tablets make no mention of a bricklayers' strike. They do mention that the man for whom the house was to be built summoned the builder, and won his case. The builder was heavily fined!

These were the days of the earliest brick builders, and perhaps profits were large; but it is certain from this and other clay tablets that the builder was very tightly held to his contract, and that the jerry-builder was not tolerated in the land.

The Moneylender's Ledgers

The law was less severe on moneylenders, who seem to have flourished during the prosperous time of the Chaldeans. But the clay ledgers of the moneylender whose memory is preserved at the British Museum do not reveal any exorbitant rate of interest. They merely state what was lent and when it is to be repaid.

The oddest clay document to be seen at the Museum is a tile on which some student of forty centuries ago had written the same signs over and over again. Perhaps he was only practising what the school teachers of the nineteenth century called pothooks and hangers; but it looks suspiciously like an "imposition" set by a schoolmaster.

THINGS SAID

Museums are too hard to find.

Sir Robert Wilt

English is becoming the predominant foreign tongue in Italy.

Professor H. E. Goad, of Florence

It is not Socialism, but Nationalism, which has so far half-ruined Europe.

Mr. Norman Angell

When a young man I went for a holiday with £5, and brought half of it back with me.

A London Judge

London will never be a complete city till we have made proper use of both banks of its incomparable river.

Mr. Beresford Chancellor

The suffering I have seen in Europe has created in me a passion for brotherhood I did not know before the war.

Mrs. Snowden

Some believe the leadership of the world has passed to America, but I believe the leading ideas are still to come from the Old World.

Professor Caldwell, U.S.A.

I have noticed a group of taxi-drivers in London who always set a little tin of water and pieces of bread for the birds. I think Christ would like them.

From a newspaper letter

The truth about Mr. Gladstone is that he was one of the most upright characters in an age rich in great men. *Daily Mail*

If the peoples of the world knew what air warfare means they would put the jingoes in the lunatic asylums.

Lord Thomson

The public expects a rich man's son to make a fool of himself, and I want to lessen the danger. *Mr. Rockefeller's son*

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The Children's Newspaper

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A RACE DYING OUT AMID PLENTY

THE CASE OF THE ESKIMO

Fate of the Jolly People of the
Arctic Circle

INFLUENCE OF CIVILISATION

A rumour, which may be mistaken, asserts that the Canadian Eskimos are dying out.

It cannot be for want of food, because, although in the nineteenth century the depredations of seal hunters and whaling expeditions seemed likely to reduce the Eskimo food supply, there has been a large increase of food in the regions where they live which is derived from another source.

The Eskimos have lived in the Arctic Circle longer than most European nations have inhabited their present lands, and have lived there hardily and well for centuries. The reason was unveiled by missionaries like Dr. Sheldon Jackson and explorers like Stefansson, who pointed out that to men who understood the Frozen North it was quite easy to find a living and a lodging there. Stefansson himself "lived on the country," fishing and hunting, without any provisions from outside, and recommended the land for settlement.

Possible Arctic Meat Reserve

More than that, following the lead of Dr. Jackson, he pointed out that the mossy wastes of the country in the Arctic north of the Dominion of Canada would afford grazing grounds for hundreds of thousands of reindeer, thus converting these Arctic regions into a meat reserve.

Dr. Jackson had made the same suggestion for Arctic Alaska, and last century had introduced there from Asia 1200 reindeer, which in a few years rose in number to a quarter of a million. Stefansson's similar plan for Arctic Canada met also with success, and so the food supply of the region was evidently enough for its population and for many others besides.

Eskimos and the Reindeer

If the Eskimos die out it will not be for want of food, but the food supply will follow them, because they are the natural herdsmen of the reindeer, and the only race that can keep up the stock. It is possible that the diminution of numbers reported by a trader who has lived among them in Baffin Land and the Mackenzie River delta is due to the fact that Western civilisation does not agree with them.

They have suffered from it in the past. The European disease of measles swept off 30,000 of them, and influenza has also taken its toll. While they dwelled isolated and alone they were hardy and strong; but they cannot survive the modern luxuries of living which the Western world regards as necessities.

A BISHOP IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE

A Good Idea for Old Umtali

Dr. Hartzell, an American Methodist Bishop, has just reached his eighty-fourth birthday, and his friends and admirers have found a novel way of celebrating the event.

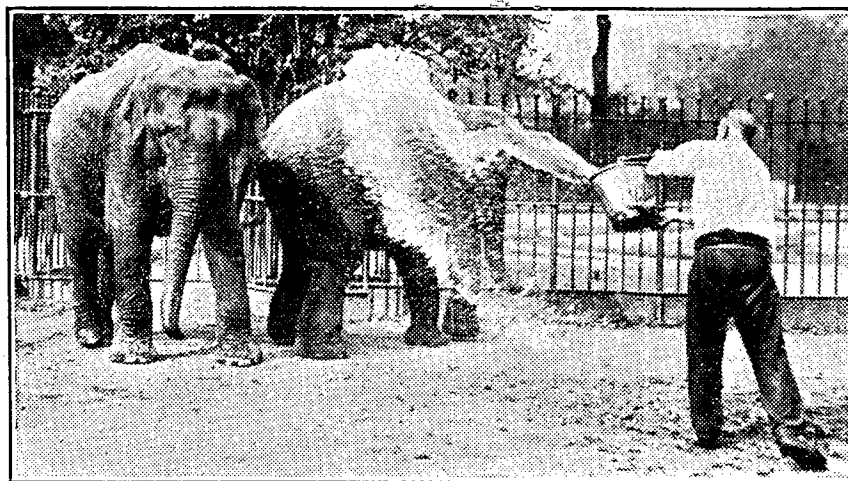
The Bishop has devoted his life to missionary work and spent twenty years in Africa. If he worked eight hours a day that would mean 58,400 hours of work for Africa. So a committee containing 43 bishops, valuing the bishop's labour at a dollar an hour, has collected 58,400 dollars, or over £11,000, to establish a college for natives at Old Umtali, in Rhodesia, where they may be trained to be "capable and deserving world citizens."

Here is a form of wages of which even a bishop may well be proud.

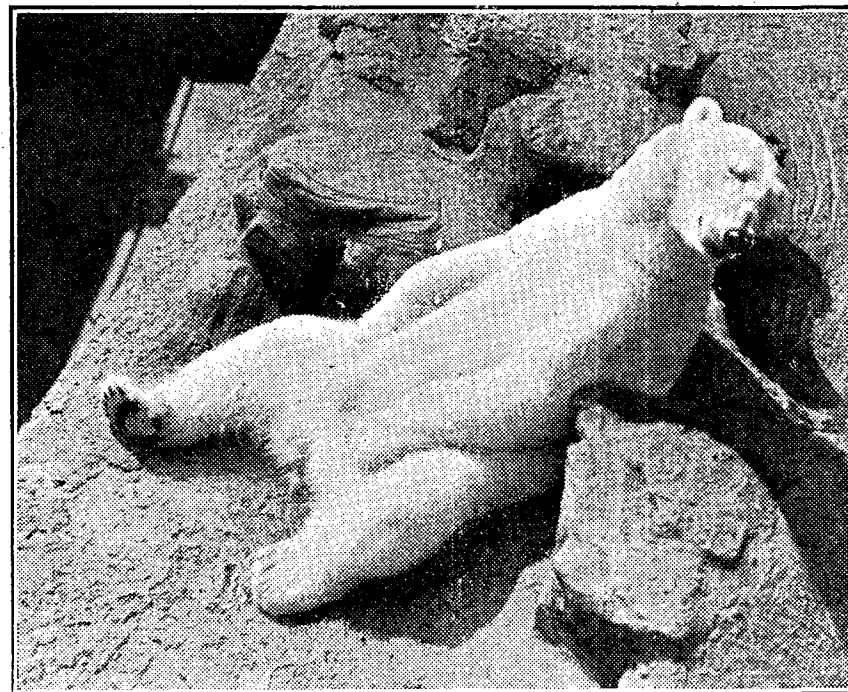
THE HEAT WAVE AT THE ZOO



A young orang-utan takes a sun-bath



A refreshing shower-bath for the elephants



A Polar bear dreaming of icebergs



Two brown bears enjoy a romp in their pond

On August Bank Holiday there will be the usual big crowd of visitors to the London Zoo, where these pictures were taken during the recent heat wave. Some of the animals like the hot sunshine, but others, whose homes are in the colder lands, can only take frequent baths, and hope for the cooler weather to come soon.

FREE CATHEDRALS

NEARLY HALF THE DOORS OPEN.

Letting the People See Their
Proud Possessions

A DEAN'S EXAMPLE

It is only six years since the Dean of Chester decided to abolish fees for visitors to the cathedral under his charge, but already eleven other English cathedrals have followed his example.

Some cathedrals, such as Lichfield and Truro, have never charged fees. Others, like Carlisle, have abolished some of them. The cathedrals which have abolished them altogether are Canterbury, Winchester, Bristol, Ely, Gloucester, Manchester, Rochester, St. Albans, Salisbury, Southwell, and Worcester.

Open Doors and Open Purses

The C.N. has long urged that this should be done, and we are delighted with the progress of the movement. Something like half the cathedrals of England are now free, and the remarkable thing is that they have lost nothing by the change. The voluntary offerings of visitors and increased receipts for publications have more than made up for the lost fees and the added expenses. The increase in income has usually been great, often double the previous average. At Chester it has been multiplied by ten.

A new spirit of reverence has been shown among the visitors, with an increased desire to take part in some service, formal or informal; while report after report shows that the privilege has not been abused, that no special precautions have been needed, and that no damage has been done.

By the Dean of Chester

The following notes are from a letter of Dr. Bennett, the Dean of Chester:

Six years ago I took up my residence at Chester as Dean. From my house I saw in the early afternoon a party of visitors turn away disappointed from the cathedral door. It was locked. The sight filled me with such shame that I took steps, with the entire goodwill of my Chapter, to make this the very last time for such a mishapening.

Since then our cathedral has been open without fence or fee on weekdays from 7 a.m. till dark, and on Sundays from 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.

We have a good profit for the cathedral out of what is put into our voluntary offering boxes every Sunday. None of our vergers or helpers accepts tips, and no one is badgered to give.

I make a point of being myself in the cathedral as much as I can between the services on a Sunday. It is an admirable opportunity for talking a little religion to our visitors. Anyone who regards the crowds who visit our cathedrals as irreligious makes a great mistake. They are more interested in religion than anything else.

About the closing of our cathedrals on Sundays between the services I feel so strongly that I cannot resist expressing the hope that the public in general and Church folk in particular will go on protesting and agitating until this crowning scandal of visionless cathedral mismanagement disappears for ever.

BIG BALLOONS GIVEN AWAY

Everyone knows Mrs. Bruin, Tiger Tim, and the jolly Bruin Boys, the popular characters who appear each week in the Rainbow.

Every copy of this week's issue, which is now on sale, contains a big coloured balloon on which is printed a picture of one or other of the famous Bruin family.

You are sure to like the coloured pictures and stories in the Rainbow, which lies on the bookstall side by side with the C.N.

REPAIRING THE ANGELS

WAYS OF OUR OLD ARTISTS

Genius at Sixpence a Day and the Work it Did

A PEEP AT THE ARTISTIC PAST

The discovery of the ravages wrought in the roof of Westminster Hall by the so-called death-watch beetle has had the effect of causing a general inquiry into the condition of our old buildings, and the result is distressing.

Timber work which for centuries has defied the tooth of Time is found to be quietly disappearing down the throats of multitudes of unseen beetles.

The ancient parish church of Cirencester makes the newest revelation of damage. This old city, which has sheltered Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, has known many vicissitudes as the flames of war have swept across the headwaters of the Thames; but though the abbey has gone the old church has braved all but the insects.

The Christian Story

Among the woodwork to suffer are the ancient carved figures of angels. Angels have always played a conspicuous part in church decoration. Christian story and moral had to be imparted in an age when those who could read and write were the rare exceptions; picture and image were called on to supply the place of books.

For those who could read men wrote or copied books with the pen, and lovingly illustrated them in colours and gold with the brush. The man who illuminated a precious manuscript was also architect, sculptor, carpenter, goldsmith, armourer, jeweller, saddler, tailor, and painter.

Sixpence a Day as Salary

Rare masters of their craft they were in that age, which preceded both specialisation and 'can' canny. Old accounts still survive to show what they did and what they were paid. William of Florence, who supervised the carving of sculptures for that great builder of cathedrals and palaces our Henry the Third, received sixpence a day as salary; but he, in common with other master artists, would be given food and a livery such as we now furnish to our chauffeurs.

Godly and pious men, these old painters and sculptors used the quaintest language in rendering accounts of their work. Read today these might at first sight seem almost irreverent, but in reality they quite match the simple naiveté of the religious books and plays of the period, and were sincere, God-fearing statements of work achieved.

Griffins and Madonnas

One such shows what John Ray, tailor and citizen and heraldic painter, did for the great Earl of Warwick whom Shakespeare glorified. Gilded griffins are jumbled in the bill with Madonnas; painted streamers for the Earl's battles mingle with figures of the Apostles, and "one painted coat for his grace's body, lute with fine gold" comes immediately in advance of St. George and the Dragon.

Not the strangest, but one of the most characteristic, invoices rendered by artists is that which sets down the bill for a church pageant for St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, a serious document which must occasion surprise.

Memorandum (so it runs): That Master Cumings hath delivered, the 4th of July, in the year of our Lord, 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Battes, Vicar of Radcliffe . . . a new sepulchre, well gilt, and cover thereto; an image of God Almighty arising out of the said sepulchre, with all the ordinances that longeth thereto;

ARAB NAPOLEON

Abdul Krim's Fate

EXILED TO AN ISLAND PRISON

After long discussions France and Spain have come to an agreement as to their dealings in Morocco following on the defeat and surrender of the redoubtable Rif chief Abdul Krim.

Spain is to continue to be responsible in the north and France in the south, but in the work of bringing the tribes to order each is to be free to pursue her own rebels into the other's sphere till all is quiet. That Spain should have allowed so much to France, and that France should not have stood out for more, shows how anxious both sides are for a friendly understanding. Whether Spain can really restore order effectively, when thus left to her own resources, remains to be seen.

As for Abdul Krim himself, it is no secret that the Spaniards would dearly



Two of the angels from Cirencester Church that have been damaged by beetles. See previous column

have liked to see him hanged; but France, on whose mercy he threw himself at his surrender, has resisted any such policy. He had hoped he would be allowed to retire into private life in Europe, but instead the Arab Napoleon has been condemned, like the French Napoleon, to an island prison. His new home will be at Réunion, in the Southern Indian Ocean, between Madagascar and Mauritius, about as far to the east of South Africa as St. Helena is to the west.

AN EASY WAY OF DOING A HARD THING

Breaking Steel Ingots

At the great steel works of Cammell Laird at Sheffield they have devised an extraordinarily easy way of cutting up steel ingots.

A small cut is made in the ingot at the required point by means of an oxy-acetylene lamp. The ingot, thus scored, is placed under a steam hammer with a wedge each side of the cut. The steam hammer is then brought down upon the ingot, which is severed at a single blow. This saves much time and labour, and the process has been copied by the American engineers.

Continued from the previous column

that is to say—Item: A lath made of timber, and iron work thereto.

Item (it continues). Thereto longeth heaven, made of timber and stained cloth. Item. Hell, made of timber and iron-work, with devils in number thirteen. Item. Four Knights, armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two axes and two spears. Item. Three pairs of angels' wings; four angels made of timber, and well painted.

And so on, in minute detail, quaint and childish as an intimate monkish letter, but all telling of laborious and loving work for wages which a railway porter would sniff at today as a tip.

ABRAHAM SARRAFIAN

One Long Round of Service Ends

THE GOOD ARMENIAN

I have never seen him angry, never heard him use a cross word to a servant or a beggar, and I have only seen him vexed with himself when he failed in something he was attempting. His life has been one long round of service.

So said one of the oldest British residents of Beyrout the other day at the funeral of Abraham Sarrafian.

Mr. Sarrafian fled to Beyrout from Armenia in his early manhood, nearly thirty years ago, in the midst of one of the greatest of the massacres of his unhappy countrymen. There was no Armenian community in Beyrout, and he joined the Arabic Protestants. He laboured ceaselessly for the relief of his people in Armenia and elsewhere, yet his distress at their sufferings prompted no word of bitterness from him. Out of this sorrowful race came this man of unconquerable patience and charity and goodwill.

When, after the war, the expulsion of foreigners from Turkey became general Armenian refugees poured into the Beyrout district and found a guide, philosopher, and friend in Mr. Sarrafian. The Syria and Palestine Relief Fund made him one of its chief administrators, and it is certain that the arduousness of his labours helped to hasten his early death at only 53. He will not be forgotten, and his spirit will long live on.

1000 MILLION RINGS

A Year on the Telephone

Britain has not stood well hitherto among telephone-using nations, but she is rapidly making up leeway.

Last year the number of telephone stations advanced by the largest increase on record. The number of calls increased too, the total reaching over a thousand million.

For the actual number of telephone stations Britain now stands third on the world's list, only America and Germany being before her; but in the proportion of telephones to inhabitants she is only ninth, having one telephone to every 34 people against America's one in seven. The policy of multiplying rural telephone exchanges is being vigorously pursued. Seventy new rural exchanges are now building. The direct loss is over £50 an exchange, but this spending money to increase business is a thoroughly sound idea, and if it were carried farther in the direction of reduced charges for urban subscribers there would be a very prompt return. There are masses of the public who, to their loss, fail to realise that the telephone pays, but they would realise it much faster if the Post Office would realise that cheapness pays.

THE BIG AND LITTLE SHIPS

A thing which must delight the boys and girls who are lucky enough to cross the ocean in the world's largest motor-liner, the Asturias, is a little model of the ship itself, perfectly accurate in detail, which sails the seas on a large coloured relief map of both hemispheres.

The tiny model of the parent ship is moved along by clockwork at a rate representing exactly the speed of the liner, and so, day by day or hour by hour, passengers can see by its progress and position on the map just where the Asturias is.

Coloured lighting effects give the appearance of sunrise and sunset at the right times.

FRANCE TO PAY SOMETHING

A Debt Settlement at Last LESS THAN A HALF FOR BRITAIN

France and Britain have been disputing so long over the French War Debt that it is almost startling to learn that the whole business has now been amicably settled.

France has agreed to pay us an average annual sum of twelve and a half million pounds for the next 62 years. To pay the whole six hundred million pounds she actually owes us would take 62 payments of 30 million pounds instead of twelve and a half millions, so that France has been let off something like three-fifths of her debt!

In view of her present financial difficulties France is also to be allowed to begin with a payment of only four million pounds this year and six millions next year, and it is not until after 30 years that she is to be required to make the extra payments necessary to make up the average.

German Reparations

But the big concession that has now been made as compared with last year is that if at any time Germany's reparation payments to France fall substantially below what has been agreed on France is to be at liberty to ask for a fresh arrangement with us! Finally, if at any time German reparation payments to Britain, together with the payments to us of Allied War Debts, come to more than we are paying to America for our War Debt to her, then the difference is to be taken off the Allied payments to us.

Thus, if German payments are below expectations we lose, while if they are above other people gain. What a benevolent people we are! Still, it will be a very definite gain for Europe if the French franc is stabilised, and this generous agreement should help to that end.

NEW B.B.C. ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Growing Army of Listeners TWO MILLION LICENCES

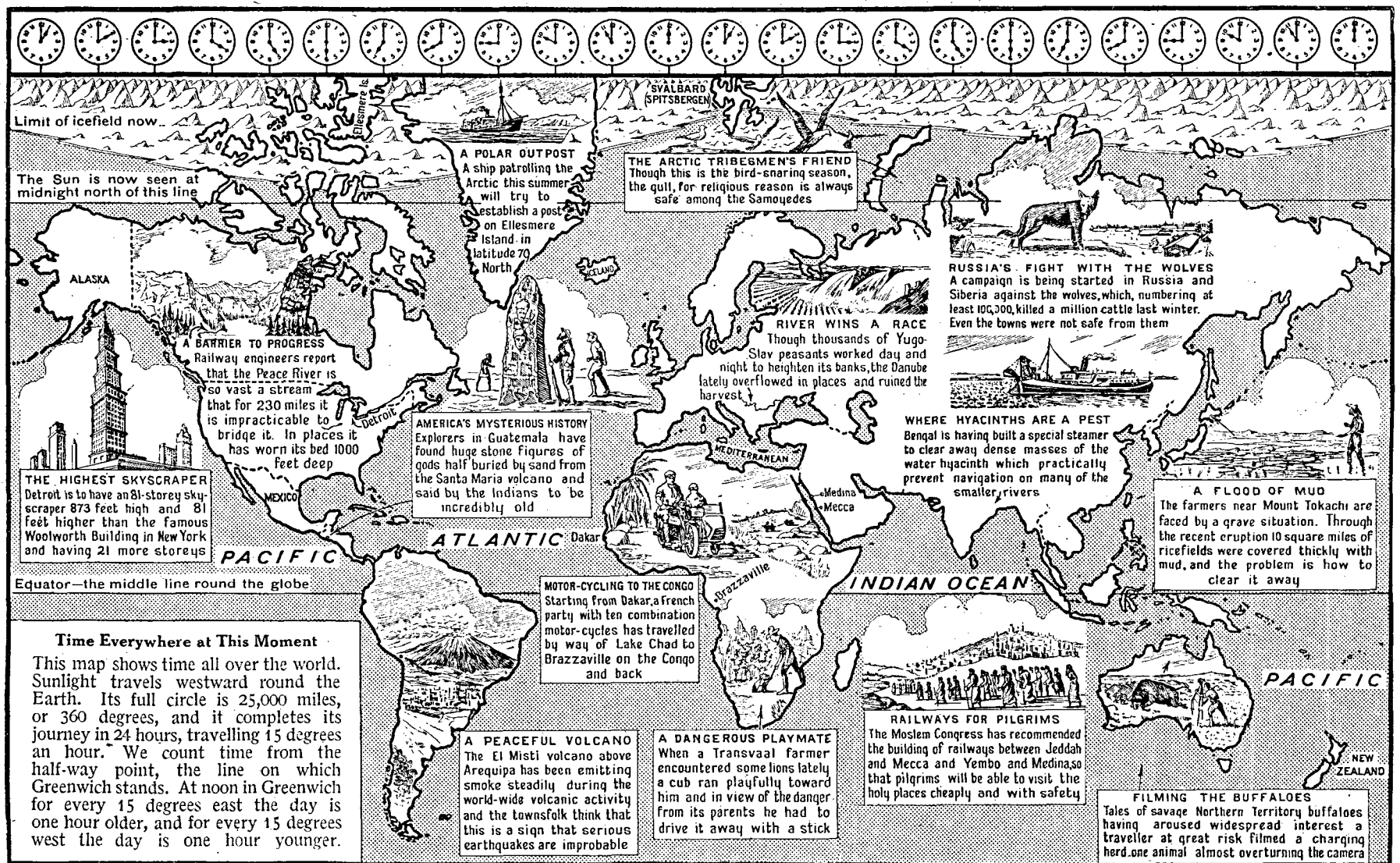
On January 1, 1927, the British Broadcasting Company is expected to give place to the British Broadcasting Corporation, transferring as a going concern all its plant and other property, and practically the whole of its staff.

This is in accordance with the recommendations, already accepted by the Government, of the special Committee presided over by Lord Crawford. The new Corporation will be granted a royal charter, and will work under a licence from the Postmaster-General. But it will be made as independent as possible; though, as its income is from taxation in the form of licences, its finances must necessarily be placed under the final control of the House of Commons.

When listeners have asked for better programmes the Company has replied that it is giving programmes as good as it can afford. We may be sure that Parliament will take care that the new B.B.C. shall have as big a slice of the licence money for programmes as it can profitably spend.

Every month the amount available grows by leaps and bounds. There are over two million listening licences today, nearly half as many again as a year ago. There has been an idea that the rate of increase has been falling off, but the number of licences issued in June this year was 26,000 higher than in June last year.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SHIP IN SIXTY STORMS A Rare Sight on the Thames ONE OF THE FIVE FULL-RIGGERS STILL LEFT

How many C.N. readers have seen a full-rigged ship? Not a schooner or a yawl or a brig, but a ship, with three masts, and tops and yards to each.

Till the other day there had not been one on the Thames since the war. There are only five altogether remaining on the British Shipping Register.

When the sailing-ship Monkbarns sailed up the Thames the other day after a three and a half years' trip from Liverpool every steamer on the river sounded its siren in greeting, and her crew responded as they lined up at her bow with the old chanty chorus:

*Blow, bullies, blow,
For Caliform—i—o.*

The Monkbarns was a month overdue from Rio, having had 35 days of head winds in mid-Atlantic, and she had been delayed another 15 days off the Irish coast by calms and unfavourable winds. The journey had taken 99 days. In her three years and a half she met sixty separate storms. Her skipper died at Rio, and her mate took charge. An apprentice was lost overboard while furling sail on the foretop-gallant yard (of course you know where that is). Only two of her original deck crew of 24 remained with her to the end.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A landscape by Turner	£6247
A painting by Raeburn	£5250
A painting by Ben Marshall	£4200
5 panels of Brussels tapestry	£3570
A portrait by Zoffany	£1942
A silver flagon of 1607	£1040
The Kilmorey silver tankard	£767
A Charles II silver inkstand	£527
A Chippendale table	£315
A William and Mary chair	£157
A gold sovereign of 1553	£26

GASOMETER BIGGER THAN THE ALBERT HALL The Queen and the Furnace

The King and Queen spent three hours at the Beckton works of the Gas Light and Coke Company the other day.

Travelling round in a saloon drawn by a tiny engine, they started the largest coal unloading plant in Europe and passed a gasometer bigger than the Albert Hall.

In the great retort house, where the coal is carbonised, they were given hand screens of coloured glass through which to gaze at the glowing mass within the furnace doors, which the Queen thought looked just like sugar. The furnaceman in charge was astonished at the Queen's indifference to the heat. She did not flinch, he says, as other visitors do, but stood looking in without the slightest shrinking.

HEADMASTER AT 90 A Wonderful Record

Most men when they reach the age of 90 think themselves entitled to a rest from their daily task.

Even those two wonderful lawyers, Sir Harry Poland, who is 91, and Sir Edward Clarke, who is only a few years younger, have long since retired from active public life, although they still work at their desks at home and take a keen interest in the affairs of the world.

But Mr. Herbert Large has not retired. He is still, at the age of 90, headmaster of Streatham Grammar School, which he founded 46 years ago, when he had already been teaching for 24 years.

Seventy years a schoolmaster, and still active, still loved and honoured by his boys—is there another such record in the whole United Kingdom?

Streatham is a populous suburb now, but Mr. Large remembers when it was a tiny village with one church and no railway service.

TEA ON THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S A Wonderful Experience

It must be a wonderful experience to have tea within a few feet of the cross on the top of St. Paul's.

Perched on a narrow platform 350 feet above the street, four workmen who had been replacing the lightning-conductors found time for a tea party one afternoon. One descended six hundred steps and brought up the tea, a feat which took him twenty minutes.

Besides having tea the men took advantage of the scaffolding to wash the beautiful cross and the ball on which it stands, which is six feet wide and can hold ten or twelve people. Few know that the present cross and ball were put up not much more than a century ago.

Probably, however, these workmen did not climb to the dizzy pinnacle of the cross, which is itself thirty feet high. But in the past men have ventured even here, for in 1848 the Ordnance Surveyors built a crow's nest on its top as the best place possible for surveying London. It is also recorded that a party of men once had supper inside the ball.

GEOGRAPHY FROM THE TRAIN School Lessons in Canada

Fifty British schoolboys are learning the geography of Canada by travelling from end to end of it in trains.

The whole trip costs less than a hundred pounds. Their parents think it well worth the money, and we may be sure the boys do. The C.N. has always been a champion of this way of learning geography, and we still hope to see our School Fleet on the sea.

In this particular lesson the boys pass the Plains of Abraham, get a glimpse of the Red River gold rush, visit ranches and prairie farms, pass through Jasper National Park, and see the buffalo roaming in his natural state at Wainwright.

JUSTICE OR LAW? A Judge Pleads for Friendliness THE LITTLE TRIBUNALS OF THE POOR

If more of our judges were like Judge Parry, who sits at a number of the County Courts of Kent as well as at Lambeth, we might hear less of the injustices of the law. For Judge Parry has been once more preaching the gospel of conciliation, even at the eleventh hour.

Our inferior courts, he says, ought to be places where the first duty of the judge would be to try to get the parties to agree, instead of issuing orders and heaping humiliation on a beaten client. Something of this kind, he suggests, is still to be found in the administration of cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act, which was drawn up by men who preferred Justice to Law.

Although the County Courts, as instituted eighty years ago, were meant to abolish the scandal of a law which was supposed to be equal and free to rich and poor alike, but was, in fact, unequal, they have not achieved their purpose; and it is still possible for a litigant to find himself, win or lose, faced with fifty pounds in costs over a claim of less than half that amount. As for justice, that is forgotten in far too many cases so long as the law, in all its quibbles and technicalities, is administered.

The Act of 1846 which established the County Courts did away with a number of expensive and useless institutions, but it swept away little tribunals which were doing wonderful work for the poor, among them some of the ancient Courts of Requests, where small debts could be recovered and minor disputes adjusted for a hearing fee of sixpence or ninepence, and there was nothing more to pay. Real justice was administered in these courts.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 31

1926

Do You Whistle at Your Work?

A VERY good question has just been asked by Karl Capek, the Czech dramatist, whose famous play R.U.R. is such a bitter satire on industrial civilisation. He asks whether it is any good to earn three times as much as another man if you do not whistle three times as many songs over your work.

It is worth while asking ourselves one or two questions about this. Most of us would be better for a little more whistling or singing at our work.

Dr. Capek fears that Europe is going to adopt the American fashion of caring chiefly for speed and quantity. According to him Americans think a hotel cannot be good unless it is gigantic, and a statue is twenty times better for being twenty times life-size. In the same way many people imagine they would be twenty times happier for being twenty times richer.

If bigness had really been so important the Creator of this world would have made the Earth bigger than other celestial bodies, says Dr. Capek. But, as a matter of fact, the Earth is quite a little star, an insignificant star if we judge by size alone. Nevertheless, the Earth is very beautiful. Her beauty lies in her diversity. Italy is not like England, and Holland is not like Denmark. Each of those countries has its own legends, music, dances, and customs as well as its own scenery and architecture.

It will be a tragedy if Europe becomes so Americanised that every country resembles another, like the bedrooms of a mammoth hotel. Everywhere we should see the skyscraper, the fox-trot, and the bored face. No; we must be ourselves, and when we are tempted to worship bigness we must remember that the little bust of Augustus has inspired more admiration than the colossal figure at the entrance to New York Harbour.

Perhaps Dr. Capek is not altogether unjust when he says the American business man sacrifices all that makes life sweet and lovable for the sake of a phantom called Success. He speaks of one who visited Europe:

In trains he dictated letters to his secretary; in automobiles he held conferences; his councils took place at dinner. We primitive Europeans usually eat at dinner, just as we listen during the playing of music; probably we waste our time in both instances, but certainly we do not waste our life.

Not only Americans, but also Czechs and Britons would do well to take heed lest they forget that life is greater than the greatest fortune ever made, and that we only have one chance on Earth of enjoying or wasting it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



From Grannie in New Zealand

DEAR SIR, I am a grannie of 60 and my eyes threaten to give out for reading; so I am learning Braille all by myself, and now can read it.

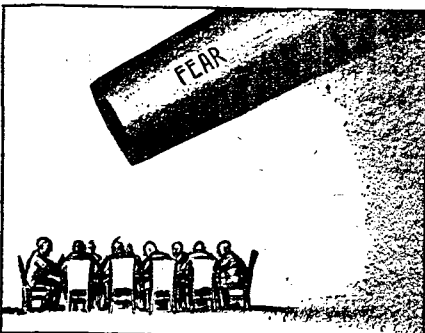
Perseverance and patience are the chief requisites for learning it. Our Government, through its Blind Institute, will supply the needful books free to those who wish to learn.

I think many whose eyes are failing might find much comfort in providing against loss of sight in this way, and I hope your paper will pass on the idea of learning Braille to others. To boys and girls it would provide a delightful secret writing, easily acquired.

Yours very truly, GRACE FOX.

P.S. My name need not go into your paper, need it?

N.B. Why not? EDITOR.



The One Enemy Left to Conquer

The whole question of Disarmament is being considered by the League of Nations

A Summer's Day is Enough

By Our Country Girl

The bee was glad of the briar rose,
The thrush was glad of the tree,
And I was glad of the hedgerow flower,
The boughs, the bird, and the bee.
The merchants sell their gewgaws dear,
But Earth gives treasure free,
There's never a rich man half so rich
As I and the bird and bee;
For all of a summer's day was ours,
A field in the green down's lee,
The sun, the air, and a thousand flowers
For man and the bird and bee.

Hope

From a Sick Bed

It is never too late to hope. This little sermon comes in our post-bag from a sick bed in Paris.

I FEEL my heart brimming over with love, faith, gratitude. Yes; Hope is always greater than sorrow, stronger than facts, quicker than imagination.

It is the compensation God left the first man and woman when He sent them from Eden. It is the only chance poor Pandora could save from her famous box. It is the crowning argument of those who believe; it is the unguessed solace of those who do not believe—for they hope in spite of themselves, and if all of us hope in spite of ourselves does it not mean that there is something to hope for?

Be he great or small, every man is a poet if in all his actions he do not lose sight of the ideal.

IBSEN

A Chance for Somebody

THEY are cleaning the Duke of York on his great column close by Nelson's. While the men are up there could they not let down the Duke and put a hero in his place?

Tip-Cat

A DOCTOR urges us to be kind to colds. Never catch one, or, if you do, let it go again.

CARS are getting smaller and smaller. They will soon have to hunt pedestrians in packs.

WHAT do people do with the time they save? They usually manage to spend it somehow.

EDUCATED men earn more, somebody has been saying. But they do not often get it.

A CRITIC inquires: Who wants to see six pictures by the same artist? The artist might.

PETER PUCK has been seen in riding attire. Mounting the clothes-horse, we presume.

A PHILOSOPHER regrets that we think too much in terms of money. Probably somebody has offered him a penny for his thoughts.

WISDOM is a slow growth. Even when it is planted in wisecracks.

OUR advice to the Polish dictator is to keep the film rights himself.

AN American paper mentions Jules Verne's story Round the World in Thirty Days. One of the later editions, perhaps.

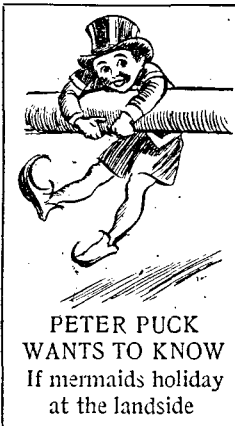
THE East End is said to be getting better and better. Even if it has a relapse there is no danger of its going West.

Science Fails

SCIENCE has done another clever thing: it has numbered the hairs of our heads.

We now know that the average dark-haired woman has about 110,000 and the blonde about 150,000. The professors have also discovered that the life of a hair is about six years and that it grows at the rate of two inches a month.

All this is interesting, and we congratulate science on its discoveries. At the same time we would remind our splendid learned folk who can measure the invisible and weigh the imponderable that there is one simple thing they have all failed to do. How we should admire them, how we should bless them, if they could find a cure for colds!



In the Hayfield

Convicts of Parkhurst Prison have lately been haymaking.

SINCE men were short at harvest time, And Farmer feared a showery day, The Prison Governor sent us help, And set the convicts making hay.

THESE men who came from narrow cells Seemed dazzled by the broad blue skies; An acre looked a league to them, They saw the world with other eyes.

AY, though we raked the self-same swathe, They saw another world from me: They'd stop and stare at common flowers That are not precious to the free.

THE cottage roofs were clustered near, The free white road went running by; There lay the world of honest folk, And yet as distant as the sky.

GOD give me strength to do no wrong! Their lives were once as fair as ours, But all their hopes are cut and dead, Like this dry grass and shrivelled flowers.

J. B.

A Seaman Gives Thanks

ONE of the great doctors of our time who is now no longer with us, Sir Frederick Treves, would often operate on seamen who never even knew his name. Once he was able to cure a big Norwegian sailor. Three weeks went by, and one night there came a knock on the surgeon's door.

"I am the Norwegian who was operated on. You did the operation, did you not?" asked the caller when Treves appeared.

"Yes."

"I've come to thank you."

Thus speaking, the sailor cut open the top edge of his trousers, and took out a gold coin which his wife had sewn into the cloth as a last resort in time of need. He offered it with a bow. Treves, realising that the big fellow would be sorely hurt if he refused it, accepted the coin, bowing in return, and treasured the krone always as a token of pure gratitude.

A Prayer to the Tripper

Oh! ye Trippers, I beseech
In the woods or on the beach,
Bear in mind the King's behest
To all picnickers addressed.
Let the relics of your meal,
Empty tins and orange-peel,
Bottles you require no more,
Paper bag and apple core,
Broken bones of beast and bird,
ALL be decently interred.

How I wish it were a rule
Every child should learn at school:
From the Downs to Londonderry
Rubbish you must burn or bury.

LILY GRAVES

The good we did yesterday is the joy of today. AN INDIAN PROVERB

HILLTOP FOR A HERO

BENJAMIN HARRISON'S MONUMENT

The Precious Stones He Put in the Temple of Knowledge

NEW NATIONAL POSSESSION

This matchless island has many noble places and many noble names, and it is well that we should think of them when we can. There is one on our map which is not so famous as it should be, and it has just been linked with the name of a man whose fame will be greater yet. The place is Coldrum Circle; the name is Benjamin Harrison.

C.N. readers know his name quite well. He left this world a few years ago after more than eighty years of life. No simple man has ever been more faithful to his duty, more useful to his generation, more unwearying in well-doing than he. He was one of those men of whom Punch is so fond that it introduced us to one the other day for the second time. Punch found him picking up stones in a field. The owner came, and the trespasser timidly hoped the owner did not mind his picking up a few stones. "No, no, that's all right," said he; "thee fill tha pockets with them and take them home to Mother."

His Jewels

Benjamin Harrison picked up stones for fifty years. He filled his pockets and his bags; he filled drawers and boxes and cupboards with them. He labelled them and dated them and guarded them as if they were his jewels.

And his jewels indeed they were; they were the precious stones of the Temple of Knowledge. Every stone tells a story to him who can read, but the stones Benjamin Harrison found told a story so astounding that for years wise men would not believe it, and even now there are those who will not listen to the story that Benjamin Harrison told from his youth to his manhood and from manhood to old age.

Coldrum Circle

For, if this village grocer were right, he had picked up on the hills of Kent, and packed away in a little shop in Ightham, the oldest human records on the Earth. The oldest things we have that man has made are his flint tools; and the astonishing thing Benjamin Harrison did was to find these flints where they must have been for hundreds of thousands of years, perhaps for half a million or a million years. It was this that everybody found so hard to believe and that some will not even now believe. If this village grocer was right, then man was unthinkable older on the Earth than anyone believed.

It was right that such a man as he should be remembered, for he made his village famous. He wrote a great new chapter in the book of knowledge; he was one of those men who are the strength and pride of our countryside. And now a piece of that countryside itself, a noble hilltop in that world he made his own, has been for ever dedicated to him. The place marked on the maps as Coldrum Circle is to be known for ever as his monument.

Honour Where it is Due

It is one of the most interesting bits of the British Empire, and it is older than the Roman Empire. If we could unroll history back to the days when Coldrum first came into history Julius Caesar would be only half way back to it.

At least four thousand years ago this was the burial-place of a tribe of people living in Kent, and the stones they set up here, some of them weighing tons, are standing still. There is the tomb in which they laid their dead; there is

A LITTLE GAME OF ORANGE AND GREEN

WHEN the Irish Free State and the Six Counties of Ulster settled their boundary dispute last year they forgot the postman.

There are two kinds of postmen in Ireland. There is the British postman, who delivers letters to the deserving of the Six Counties; there is the Free State postman, whose deliveries go to the Free Staters.

But suppose an Irishman is a Free Stater and lives just on the border-line: is he to receive his letters from the Saxon?

And if a Six-County Orangeman also lives on the border, ought he to be compelled to take his letters from a Free State postman?

These outrages take place every day and the confusion is such that the highest postal officials, Green and Orange, are now in consultation about it.

It could only happen in Ireland, where one official lately compared another's proposals some time ago to a train entering a tunnel—first a screech, and then darkness.

THE COOL MAN AT THE CIRCUS



During the heat wave there was at least one man in London who kept cool. He was the workman, seen in this picture, who inspected the pulley at the top of a crane high above Piccadilly Circus, looking down on the new Regent Street.

the mound they set up to cover them; there is the great circle of stones that held up the sacred earth. Nothing could be more fitting than the thought that came to the friends of Benjamin Harrison to buy this place and hand it over for ever to be cherished as his monument by the National Trust of Historic Places in the British Isles.

And so it happened that there gathered on this little hill one sunny day not long ago a company of men of great distinction, with many humble friends beside, to dedicate this ancient place and declare it free to the public for ever in the name of Benjamin Harrison.

There was Lord Avebury, so genially carrying on the fine spirit of his illustrious father, who was among the first friends Benjamin Harrison had, and was himself a famous pioneer of our knowledge of ancient man. There was Sir Arthur Keith, who told us the story of Coldrum with the authority of one who knows more about it than any other man alive. There was Professor Newberry, who had found time, amid all his excavations in Egypt, to inspire the fund which has made this monument

possible. There was Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter, who received the deeds of Coldrum on behalf of the National Trust; and there was, to the great delight of all, Sir Edward Harrison, who came from his great post in Somerset House and talked to us of the things his father would have said if his body could have been there as well as his spirit. It would be ungracious not to mention also Mr. Morgan Gilbert, who spoke of Mr. Harrison at the service in Ightham church, and unveiled a tablet there with a flint let into the wall above it, and who, with Professor Newberry, has had most of the hard work to do in buying Coldrum for the nation.

Now it is one of our great sights. It is just off the Maidstone road after passing Wrotham, down through the little village of Trottiscliffe, and about a mile beyond the reach of motor-cars. It is as peaceful a spot as England has, and it will be, we think, one of the pleasantest memories of Lord Avebury that he, so distinguished a peer of the realm, handed over to the nation this gracious place as the monument of so distinguished a peasant of the realm.

A. M.

HENRY FORD HAS A NEW IDEA

TAKING THE WORK TO THE WORKERS

One Way to Get Rid of the Slum

TOILERS OF THE FIELDS

The remarkable Henry Ford is working at another new idea.

We have all heard of his wonderful factories at Detroit, in the State of Michigan, where motor-cars are produced as if by magic; where the principle is to save labour by moving materials and work to the workman. Mr. Ford is now experimenting in another direction. It is found that factories, employing tens of thousands of men on one small spot, create difficult problems of housing and transport.

We can understand this when we think of fifty thousand men all leaving work at, say, five in the afternoon, and all needing to be taken to their homes at the same time.

Factory Workers on the Land

Mr. Ford in the countryside near Detroit, where his chief works are situated, is trying out a quite different plan of work, based on the idea that with the aid of electric power a great deal of industrial work can be done in the villages, thus leaving the factory worker on the land.

We are to imagine a rural population, living in charming villages and carrying on agriculture as a part-time employment which calls for their labour at certain seasons, also engaged in industry as a home occupation or in small village factories equipped with the latest machinery and labour-saving devices.

This idea is actually being carried out by Mr. Ford, and apparently with some success. Mr. Ford himself declares that highly standardised, highly subdivided industry need no longer become concentrated in large plants. A thousand or five hundred men ought to be enough in a single factory; then there would be no problem of transporting them and there would be no slums. Or, to put it another way, it may often be better to carry manufactured parts from a village to a central factory, where they are to be put together to make a motor-car, than to carry the men to a central factory to make all the parts there.

Making Work a Pleasure

The working world is certainly indebted to Mr. Ford for these ideas and experiments. We must do everything we can to make work healthy as well as productive, bearing in mind that the ultimate object of work is not only to make good things but to make healthy men and women.

The modern factory is becoming a healthy place. Indeed, it is very often true that girls working in a factory are enjoying much healthier surroundings than in their own homes. In good work-places it is a pleasure to work and to see work being done, so we may confidently look forward to a future in which the work of men and women will come to be as pleasant as the building of a nest by a bird.

TWICE BLEST

A Good Turn for Old Ladies

It is not merely the doing of a good turn that we admire, in Boy Scouts or anyone else; it is the thoughtfulness that finds the good turn to do.

At Carrickfergus, near Belfast, when the coal shortage was greatest the local Scout Troop chopped wood and delivered it at the homes of old and infirm ladies. It was very cold on some of the nights in the earlier days of the stoppage, and a wood fire has a charm all its own. Such thoughtfulness, like mercy, is twice blest.

CLEARING A BARON'S NAME

Trying to Save Nurse Cavell

BUT AFRAID TO ASK THE KAISER

It is good to know, even at this time of day, that there was at least one high German official in Brussels in October, 1915, who opposed the shooting of Nurse Cavell.

It has always been supposed that after Dr. Stoeber and five judges had condemned her, and General von Sauberzweig, Military Governor of Brussels, had ordered her execution, it was Baron von der Lancken who resisted the efforts of the American and Spanish Ministers all through that fateful night to secure a reprieve.

Yet now we learn that, on the contrary, the Baron tried hard to persuade the Military Governor not to have Miss Cavell executed. Where he failed was in not daring to appeal to the Kaiser, who was at Spa, and who, it now appears, always regretted the deed.

It is satisfactory to hear that the investigations which have resulted in the Baron's belated acquittal have been made in response to his protests by no less a person than M. Poincaré, who was then President of the French Republic.

How strange it is today to think back to the days when the Baron was afraid to appeal to the high and mighty Kaiser, who is now at Doorn, tightly clutching his money bags!

JEREMIAH AND THE FALSE GOD

A Discovery at Mizpah

The children gather wood, the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven.

Therefore will I cause to cease from the streets of Jerusalem the voice of mirth and gladness, for the land shall be desolate.

Jeremiah

It is three thousand years since the Hebrew prophets were mourning that their countrymen were being led astray to worship Ashtaroth, Queen of Heaven, the pagan goddess of Canaan, and now the head of the long-forgotten Ashtaroth has been brought to the light of day by excavators from California, digging at Mizpah, not far from Jerusalem.

Who would have thought in old Bible days that the buried signs of this ancient superstition would be unearthed three thousand years later by searchers after knowledge coming from a far western land then undreamed of?

INDIA AND THE SCIENTIFIC AGE

Automatic Telephones Fail

The Government of India has come to a sad conclusion with regard to automatic telephones.

A number of automatic instruments have been installed during the last year or two, but they have been very unpopular with the Indians, who do not seem able to handle them intelligently. When a number is called the person making the call has to operate the dial of the instrument, and this calls for considerable intelligence. The majority of the Indian people do not seem to be able to grapple with the mechanical dial, with the result that wrong calls are constantly made, and as mistakes have to be paid for by the person making the call popular feeling is strongly against the system, and the Government has decided that it is not suited to Indians.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD

How to Keep Healthy WHAT MAN WANTS

According to the inquiries which the Government doctors have been making in factories and workshops it is better to have a change of air than to keep warm or keep cool, and their medical advice may be summed up by saying that if you cannot get fresh air you should get it as fresh as you can.

In other words, what every worker wants is a change of air at work. If only the air is kept moving the worker at the bench, or at the desk, or by the machine, must get some sort of fresh air, or, at all events, air which comes fresh to him or her. Someone objected to the electric fan because it merely stirred up the old air instead of providing new. That is not just to the fan, which must drag in some fresh air from the outside; but the best service a current of air performs anywhere and at all times is to change the temperature of the skin.

What a Current of Air Does

The Government inspectors found that where a room was kept too warm by drying stoves there was more sickness over a period of two years than in a room that was kept too cold. But a room where there was a current of air to keep the temperature changing, and so force the skin to take its proper amount of exercise in regulating the temperature of the body, was twice as healthy as the others.

The old rhyme said that when it was hot man wanted it cool, and when it was cool he wanted it hot, "never liking what he'd got, always wanting what he'd not." But the man was quite right. What we all want is continual change of temperature as well as of air.

SAUERKRAUT

What Is It?

That mystery to most of us sauerkraut, has, like most other things, been the subject of scientific analysis and speculation in Germany, its native home.

The humorist has described sauerkraut as a musical instrument. As a matter of fact, it is an excellent food, made by cutting cabbages into thin slices, adding salt, and compressing the vegetable in vats. After a few hours spontaneous fermentation converts the natural sugar contained in the cabbage into lactic acid, acetic acid, alcohol, and other products. The result is a food of agreeable taste and odour. In the United States enormous quantities are produced.

SCHOOL IN THE TOWER

Is It to be Closed?

A visit to the Tower of London is a favourite holiday entertainment for the children of London and visitors from the country; it is the last place one would associate with school. Yet a school is held there.

As in most garrisons, the children of the soldiers who live there with their families are assembled daily in the Army School. The Army Council has now ordered an inquiry into the question whether these separate schools are needed any longer, and they seem likely soon to disappear.

TALKING ON TRAINS

Wireless Services Spreading

The wireless telephones on fast trains between Hamburg and Berlin have proved so successful that many more are to be fitted, including some on the fast trains running from Berlin to Holland on the route to England.

DRIVURSELF

A New Motor-Car Idea

SOMEBODY PLEASE COPY

The very latest American motor-car notion is announced in what is called a Drivurself Corporation. Drivurself means, of course, Drive yourself.

The corporation is setting up depots all over America at which motor-cars can be hired for as long as you want them. You take out a car to drive yourself, and use it as long as you like to go where you like, and when you have finished you return it and pay so much a mile as checked off by the taximeter.

You need not take the hired car to the depot from which you took it out. You can drive from Philadelphia to Washington, and leave it at the Washington depot.

This seems rather a good idea, for all unnecessary trouble is avoided. The charge covers insurance as well as petrol, and is quite inclusive, so that one has not, like the owner-driver, to bother about garage, repairs, cleaning, and so on. No doubt the idea will spread.

HANS ANDERSEN

Schools to Look After His Gardens

In the pretty Rosenborg Park at Copenhagen is a charming statue of Hans Andersen leaning forward in his chair, telling his fairy stories to the children. Now he is to have a new park all to himself.

In the midst of the park will be a new statue of Andersen, and dotted among flower-beds and shrubberies and lily-pools will be granite statues of favourite characters in his stories, wrought by Denmark's leading sculptors.

The gardens and statues are to be provided partly by the municipality and partly by public subscription, and the gardens will be tended in turns by teams from various Copenhagen schools.

THE BRIDGE

An Old Legend of Jesus

An expedition exploring the wilds of Central Asia has discovered in a Tibetan monastery an old Buddhist manuscript referring to Issa, the best of the sons of men, whom some authorities believe to be Jesus.

There is an old legend that Jesus left His parents in Palestine and travelled by caravan to India, where He preached to the despised people of the lower castes. It is probably not true, but certainly the people of India centuries ago learned to reverence His name, for on an old mosque at Agra there is this ancient inscription: *Jesus, on whom be peace, has said: The world is merely a bridge; ye are to pass over it, and not to build your dwellings on it.*

SEEING DIAMONDS

Light in the Mine

A big diamond mine in the Transvaal which is worked night and day has at last solved the problem of successful lighting during the dark hours.

Arc lights were tried at first, but the blasting upset their delicate mechanism and they had to be abandoned. Now, however, the engineers have installed electric flood lighting, which has proved satisfactory.

The mine extends for about 78 acres, and the diamond-bearing earth has been dug out to a depth of about 500 feet. The flood lights are housed in 14 huts on the rim of the mine, and their rays can be projected to working surfaces 900 to 1600 feet away.

A KENYA PROBLEM

Masai Gain the Promised Land

A PRIMITIVE RACE

A thorny problem has just been settled in Kenya Colony by agreement in the fixing of the boundaries of the native reserves.

The Masai, famed throughout East Africa in the old days as a redoubtable fighting tribe, have been granted the poetically-named Promised Land which the British settlers coveted from them, but they have failed to secure the Yatta Plateau, for the apparently sufficient reason that no natives have occupied it.

For the moment the Masai are a dwindling people; there are less than fifty thousand of them all told, and their present habitat of nine million acres feeds half a million head of cattle, some two million sheep and goats, and ten thousand donkeys. Tribal warfare having ceased to be a practicable livelihood under Pax Britannica, stock breeding is their principal occupation; manual labour, for themselves or for white employers, is obnoxious to them.

The Government is trying to help them to develop their chosen industry, but, though they are gradually taking to the reforms calculated to stamp out diseases from which their herds die wholesale, they show little interest as yet in the improvement of the quality or the development of dairy farming; and as their own way of living is described as filthy beyond description it is difficult to think of them as ideal dairy-farmers.

CUTTING A WAY THROUGH A FOG

New Remedy for an Old Nuisance

A naval aircraft factory at Philadelphia has been experimenting with a new apparatus which may cause fog to lose much of its terror for airmen.

This invention is on rather new lines, as it does not seek merely to overcome the fog difficulty by the use of bright lights, but disperses the fog itself.

Special electrical apparatus is used, and this, together with a motor-driven aeroplane propeller, is mounted on a trolley which can be moved about. The experiments showed that it was possible to electrify 700,000 cubic feet of air a minute, and by this means to cut a path 2000 feet wide and 1000 feet high through the fog.

Although originally intended to aid flying, this invention has also great possibilities as regards traffic and shipping, and if it proves practicable may go a long way toward solving the fog problem.

A TERRIBLE REPTILE

First Known After its Extinction

It must be millions of years since a certain terrible poison serpent roamed the forests of the Gran Chaco plateau of South America, and millions of years since it ceased to be; yet it is only today that we learn of its existence.

A fossil has been found, not of its whole body, but simply of its poison fang. This is nearly three inches long, with a deep cleft on the outer side along which the poison flowed. It is curved like a hook, and must have been used for holding its prey till the poison ended its struggles.

A fang so large must have belonged to a serpent far larger than any creature of the kind hitherto known. Indeed, to the great mammals among which it lived it must have been more formidable than any other reptile we have yet heard of, living or dead.

July 31, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

9

IN MEMORIAM The Plane Tree of Saint Martin's

By Our Country Girl

A tree has died.

Of course it is not a country tree, for one might almost say that they never die but are killed by lightning or the axe. They have had a good life, and they make a good end when they go to the carpenter's shop or the cottage wood-shed.

But the subject of our obituary notice was a London plane tree, and so he never enjoyed those things which belong to a tree by right. His leaves were never stirred by an early-morning breeze smelling of hayfields and the rich, dewy earth.

What the Plane Tree Missed

The sunshine which warmed them was never pure gold unsullied by dust. There were no primroses at his roots in April, and no foxgloves in June. The dragon-flies did not dart by like jewels in the daytime, and the big moths did not come drifting past like white petals in the dusk. No brook sang him to sleep as it bubbled over its stony bed. The squirrels did not set his boughs swinging, and the handsome woodpecker did not creep up his trunk searching for the beetles that prey upon a tree. No nests were built amid his leaves, and that was the most cruel thing of all, for trees are proud of being the cradles of song. This tree never saw a goldfinch or a nightingale.

Planted Among Flagstones

Some time ago people tried to make a playground from the old graveyard belonging to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, that old churchyard whose bells ring above our English fields today. They paved it, and planted four plane trees. Flagstones do not make a good substitute for the green turf Nature gave her children to play on, but the young Londoner is the most cheerful person in the world, and he seems to get plenty of fun out of the stony places.

Not so the poor tree. His roots twisted this way and that, seeking for sun-warmed earth and air-fed grass, till he uprooted a couple of flagstones. The gaulers were touched by his struggles for liberty and removed the stones, but that act of mercy came too late. Now you may see his poor dead body standing, still at his post, among his sickly brothers.

What the Plane Tree Saw

We pity the dead tree; but if we were pagans and believed in tree-spirits with eyes and ears we should envy him, for then we should think of the wonderful things he has seen. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is far from the meadows, but at least it stands in the very centre of the British Empire.

The tree that never saw an oak or a beech saw kings and princes, kaisers and rajahs, mayors and sheriffs, riding by with splendid retinues. It saw columns of men in drab khaki going out to fight for their London homes, and it saw them come back victorious, with banners and music and the shouting of crowds. Near by is London's amazing newspaper world. If public opinion rules the world then England is governed by editors, poets, and playwrights who pass by Charing Cross, and the plane tree saw them all. They have seen him too. As they hurried past they saw his green leaves, and in the noisy, jostling, petrol-scented streets they were grateful to him for recalling

JULY 4 America Makes a Sad Discovery MUCH ADO ON THE WRONG DAY

Historians are always finding that this or that great historical event did not happen (if it happened at all) on the date which tradition has given it; but who would have supposed that the Americans could be wrong about the date of Independence Day? July 4, of course!

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided that ever was debated in America," wrote John Adams, afterwards America's second President, to his wife. That decision was the Declaration of Independence. But the date of the letter is July 3, 1776!

This very inconvenient fact is pointed out by Professor Marcus Jernegan, of Chicago. The first printed copies of the Declaration, signed by the President and by the secretary of the Congress, were issued on July 4, but the Declaration was made on July 2. It was carried on the motion of Richard Henry Lee, but not unanimously. It was only on August 2 that all the States put their signatures to the document.

The Thing That Matters

So the real Independence Day is either July 2 or August 2, according to taste, and not July 4! What will the American people do about it? They will begin, we fancy, by being very much annoyed with Professor Jernegan. Then they will forget all about him—and go on celebrating Independence Day on July 4.

How could they possibly change now? July 4 is in their bones! And, after all, what does it matter? The Declaration was a great and glorious event and must be celebrated regularly, but as long as the day comes round once a year it matters little whether it is July 2 or July 4 or August 2. It is the spirit that matters.

WHAT HAS CHANGED EAST LONDON? A Word for the Jew

The rector of a slum parish was one day talking to an old woman of eighty about the great change which has come over East London in the last sixty years. He asked her what she thought was the cause of the change.

"What has altered the East End?" she asked. "Why, the Jews coming over by the hundred thousand."

The clergyman thinks the old woman is right. Of course, many other forces have been at work, but he thinks the great improvement in such districts as Whitechapel, Mile End, Stepney, and Bethnal Green is largely due to the fact that they are now so full of Jews.

In this East End parson's long experience the Jew is a quiet, law-abiding person, who does not drink, and who works, incredibly hard to provide his children with good food and clothes. There is a great family love in the home of the poorest Jew.

This is a fine tribute from a Christian who tried to make the voice of his Master sound in darkest London for more than thirty years.

Continued from previous column

Nature's peace. Perhaps he influenced their work.

The children of poor people have been glad of his shadow, and have sat close to his trunk in the sultry weather when luckier folk were by the sea or in the sunlit fields.

There are, alas! many human lives which have given men less joy than this poor London tree has done. Perhaps we ought not to pity him after all, for he has not lived in vain.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY The Change that Came Over a Man

On July 31, 1556, died Ignatius Loyola.

In the Convent of the Theatines at Venice a Spanish gentleman took up his abode; tended the poor in the hospitals, went about in rags, starved himself almost to death, and often sallied into the streets, mounted on stones; and, waving his hat to invite the passers-by, began to preach.

In his early life he had been the very prototype of the hero of Cervantes; and his existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of princesses rescued and infidels subdued.

In the midst of these visions of martial glory and prosperous love a severe wound stretched him on a bed of sickness. His constitution was shattered and he was doomed to be a cripple for life. The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises was no longer for him. He could no longer hope to strike down gigantic soldiers, or to find favour in the sight of beautiful women. A new vision then arose in his mind.

His restless spirit led him to the Syrian deserts and to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the farthest West and astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France by his penances and vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles and the charms of unreal queens now peopled his solitude with saints and angels.

Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who in the great Catholic reaction bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement.

MACAULAY

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Does the Nightingale Sing During the Day?

Yes; the nightingale sings by day as well as by night, and it is not the only British bird which sings at night.

What is the Present Position of the North Magnetic Pole?

The present approximate position is latitude 70° 8' degrees North and longitude 96 degrees West.

Do Oysters Contain Iodine?

Yes; marine fishes, molluscs, and crustaceans contain more iodine than any other common foods, and of these oysters, clams, and lobsters contain most.

Why is a Burial-Place Called a Cemetery?

The word is from the Greek koimeterion, meaning a dormitory, and was applied to their burial-places by the early Christians, who regarded death as a sleep.

How Long Does the Common Garden Snail Live?

In confinement a garden snail will live for six or eight years; but in a state of nature, of course, the snails have so many enemies that few can live so long.

What Causes the Undulation of Land?

The undulation of land is due to the strata being contorted either by upheavals from below in past ages or by the shrinking of the Earth's crust as the planet dries up and gets cooler.

Has the President of the United States a Flag?

Yes; it consists of the President's seal on a blue background, with a large white star in each corner. The design of the seal is let into the floor of the entrance corridor of the White House.

Why are There so Many Forty Days Mentioned in the Bible?

The Jews, like other Eastern nations, used numbers symbolically, as, for example, seven for perfection, and they also used round figures instead of definite numbers. The symbolic meaning of many of the numbers is now lost, but no doubt forty was one of these numbers and was used both figuratively and approximately.

VENUS SEEN NEAR THE MOON AND MERCURY NEAR THE SUN

Trail of Meteors Hundreds of Millions of Miles Long STREAKS OF LIGHT ACROSS THE SKY

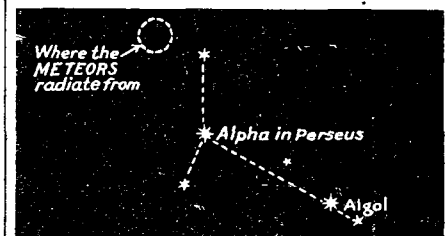
By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus may be seen very close to the crescent Moon in the early morning of Friday, August 6, when the Moon will be not much more than her own width away from the planet.

In the dawn before sunrise, about 5 a.m., this should be an impressive sight, for the Moon's crescent will be very slender, with Venus like a lovely celestial lamp a little distance below.

On Saturday afternoon, August 7, Mercury will pass almost midway between us and the Sun; but, of course, this little world will be quite invisible, as its dark, sunless side will be toward us. Had Mercury passed directly in front of the Sun he would then have been visible as a little black disc travelling across the Sun's face.

This sometimes occurs at intervals of 7 or 13 years, but this time Mercury



The chief stars of Perseus

will pass below the Sun, at a distance of about eight times the Sun's apparent width away—at about 3 o'clock p.m. So after Saturday, August 7, Mercury will rise before the Sun, eventually becoming visible in the dawn, in the early part of September.

Some forerunners of the main stream of the Perseid Meteors should be seen next week. These, as was explained in the C.N. for July 17, should be exceptionally plentiful this year, owing to the proximity and recent passage of Tuttle's Comet. It is considered that these meteors owe their existence to this comet, as their path and the comet's are practically identical, the meteors following in the wake of the comet as a vast swarm of tiny bodies, spread along a trail many hundreds of millions of miles long.

The Earth during the next two weeks will cross this trail, passing through its densest part between August 10 and 12, so on one of these nights we ought to get the finest display.

The meteors should be looked for after 11 p.m., low in the north-east sky, where the constellation of Perseus will be seen, as shown in the star map.

Fragments from Space

As the night advances Perseus will rise higher and more to the east, and by 4 a.m. will be very high in the south-east. This is actually the best time to look for the meteors, for it is then that most of them are likely to be seen.

There is a fascination in observing these tiny fragments from the depths of space. If the display is good from 100 to 150 an hour may be seen to shoot their streaks of light across the sky.

We have not had a good display since 1921; last year was exceptionally unsatisfactory, weather and moonlight marring the display. Nevertheless, the keen observation of the meteor expert Mr. W. F. Denning counted about 30 before midnight on August 11, including a magnificent Perseid which left a streak for about ten seconds.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus in the east, Mars south. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter south-east.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 35 The Fly in the Web

LOOKING steadily into their faces, Fruppeny brought his lips tightly together and shook his head to imply that they would get nothing out of him.

The lame man released his wrist. "We will change your mind," he replied. "We won't rush you. You can think it over awhile. When you've told us the key words it will never come out how we got them. You need not be afraid we shall give you away. But we mean to have them. Mark that."

Then Fruppeny saw that he was making a mistake. Instead of keeping up his point-blank refusal he must play for time by pretending that he might yield yet, and while they thought he was yielding he must escape. He must fight them with their own weapons. They had tricked him here for an underhand purpose. He could only get out of their clutches by tricking them back. "Let me think," he implored. "Oh, let me think!"

Hatz strode to the door and locked it.

"Take your time," he rejoined. Trying to look as if his resistance were weakening, Fruppeny dropped his gaze to the ground and thought hard. And as he passed through his mind the fix he was in the very peril of it sharpened his wits.

He had not missed Lapp's significant glance at the schooner. Did they mean to carry him off in it if he defied them? Or had it brought them some message for which they had been waiting, and was its arrival the signal that they must strike?

It might help him if he knew. He must try to find out. But meantime what to do now? Suppose he told them he only knew one of the two key words? Would that help him? No; for they would insist that he disclosed that one.

Then suppose he confessed he wasn't John Andrew? Yes; that was it. He must tell them he wasn't John Andrew. Naturally, they'd never imagine that John Andrew had let out anything about the code to him, and so they would release him and let him go. He lifted his head.

"It is no good your asking me," he uttered slowly and thoughtfully. "You are asking—"

"The wrong man" was on his lips, but he came to a dead stop, stammered, and ended lamely "too much."

For as he had been on the point of proclaiming himself some inward monitor had pulled him up. Some overpowering instinct had bade him wait awhile, for his friend's sake. "Hold your hand," it had warned him, "until you know more. Learn why they want to know before you say anything."

So he had acted on this powerful premonition; and immediately his mind was flooded with light. It showed him that an immediate confession of his identity would defeat its purpose until he had manoeuvred for time in which to warn John Andrew of their design. Because now that he had become privy to their plot their very last course would be to set him at liberty to carry back the intelligence of their object.

Whoever he was no longer affected the point. The point was that they had betrayed to him their object. So till that was secure they could not afford to release him. He saw this quite plainly.

Whereas, if he left them in the belief that he was their man, he might, by a show of yielding, learn all their plot. This would give him a chance to put his friend on his guard.

He could feel his heart thumping against his ribs, but he steadied himself and began with remarkable cool-

ness to play his lone hand. It came to him that this was a sterner game than any he had played in the fields at St. Quentin's. It came to him,

too, with amazement, that terror had ebbed, that fear was departing; a strange sense of strength was succeeding.

But how long would it last? He looked Hatz in the face.

"You are asking too much," he repeated, "unless you tell me why you require the key words. I don't know who you are! What right to them have you?"

It was Lapp who replied. "Now you're talking more sensibly," he said. "If we assure you that it won't hurt your guardian personally will you be reasonable? Or must we compel you?"

"It's only fair to me to tell me your reason."

Hatz would have protested, but the other cut him short.

"You see, that boat?" he said, with a gesture toward the schooner. "She arrived last night, and she brought me the news that a certain political agreement which your guardian has been negotiating between Great Britain and Montaragua has been mailed in draft to Montaragua. By in draft I mean that it has not been signed and sealed yet, but it will be signed and sealed unless—er—it is thwarted."

Once more the younger man would have stopped his chief, but in vain. Lapp turned on him, the scar on his forehead throbbing angrily as his voice assumed a distant air of authority. "I take my own way, Hatz," he said haughtily. "The lad is intelligent, and I tell him all." Then, in a tone which made Fruppeny catch his breath, he added: "I shall tell you all, Smith, in fairness to yourself; so that you will have nobody else to blame for the consequences of refusal. Understand, we shall not let you go till you comply. And understand, too, that we have the means to compel you. To compel you," he repeated, his eyes on the ship.

"I understand," Fruppeny managed.

"Very well," the lame man continued with an ominous composure. "That agreement gravely threatens the interests of my country; if it is sealed and signed it will seriously damage my country. We in my country can prevent that agreement being concluded if we discover its terms while yet there is time. That is what I am here for, to discover its terms and particulars."

"Then you are not Montaraguans?" Fruppeny ventured.

Lapp drew himself up proudly. "Our country is Benvador. It is for Benvador's sake that we take these measures with you."

In a flash went through Fruppeny's mind all his namesake had told him about the custom of Governments and countries to pry into one another's secrets and the Secret Services they maintained for that very object. This made plain to him much that had been so dark.

CHAPTER 33 For His Friend's Sake

HIS nimble wits were working at desperate pace. "But if the agreement is already on its way," he expostulated, "how can it help you now to know the two key words?"

"Because it's a draft agreement in code!" exclaimed Hatz.

"In Mr. Burford's private code. I understand that. What I mean is, the code is no good to you without the agreement itself. The key to the message is no good without the message, just as the key to a puzzle is no good without the puzzle."

Lapp nodded. "But we have the draft," he said grimly. "We found a clerk in your guardian's office who is not quite so burdened with scruples as you are, Smith. He supplied us with the draft before it left England. We have

tried to decipher it, but have failed. And you will do us the justice to understand, please, that we have waited until the tidings that it had

left for Montaragua before proceeding to these unpleasant extremities. Our coercion of yourself is now rendered imperative. Come, Smith! All is fair in love and war—and diplomacy."

Fruppeny hung back. "And if I won't tell you?" he breathed.

"Smith," answered Mr. Lapp, without any heat, and more terrible by the finality of his manner, "there is no if about it. I repeat that I have exhausted every means of deciphering the code and that I have waited to the last possible moment. We are neither assassins nor kidnappers, but political agents. But we shall become kidnappers—he watched Fruppeny coldly—"unless you do what we ask you. Inquire of your own common sense and intelligence—should we have gone so far to permit a refusal?"

"But Benvador wouldn't let you—"

"How we get our results is not our country's concern. We are charged to procure for her the particulars of that projected agreement. We shall procure them. How we do it is our business."

"If necessary," added Hatz, "Benvador would pretend that she neither knew us nor had employed us. That's how it's done. Officially," he smiled craftily, stressing the adverb, "officially she would disown us. But Benvador would be saved, so what does that matter? And the disowning of us would be too late to help you."

"Still, Mr. Burford will find out—"

"Find out what?" exclaimed Hatz, who thought they were winning. "You can make your mind quite easy on that score. When I got an introduction to your guardian and an invitation to his house he hadn't the least idea that I was working for Benvador. He believes that I have nothing to do with politics, and he cannot possibly connect you or me with the matter. Mr. Burford will no more dream that the key came from you than he will dream that I was the means of procuring it."

Lapp had listened, thoughtfully, bending his brows. "Come, Smith," he interposed. "I will make you a bargain. In exchange for the key words we will give you our promise to keep you straight with your guardian."

Fruppeny stared at him.

"How can we keep you out of it? Listen. I'll tell you. We will take care that in due course it comes to your guardian's ears, that the draft agreement was stolen for us by his clerk—and that the clerk also stole for us the key of his code."

The calmness with which he uttered this abominable proposal revealed to Fruppeny, as nothing had yet revealed, the falseness and unscrupulousness of the man, and that a creature so utterly vile and

treacherous would stick at nothing to accomplish his ends.

The clerk had betrayed his master, but trusted these two. They would betray the traitor directly it suited them.

"And what's your alternative?" the cold, measured tones were concluding. "Don't delude yourself by building on a rescue, for you have not the remotest prospect of being rescued. You do not know where to send word to your guardian, and if you did we should not permit you to write. Nobody at your school will trouble about you until next term begins, and then, Smith, I'm afraid it will be too late. So come! What alternative have you? You have no alternative."

Realising the hideous truth of this summary, Fruppeny sat mute but inflexible still, turning over in his mind the chance of achieving an escape nevertheless, as he had achieved his hope of discovering their designs. But it grew clearer than ever that he must keep them in play for a day or two rather than declare at once who he was, because such a disclosure would give them time, while detaining him, to return to the mainland and try to kidnap John Andrew.

So for his friend's sake he must try to keep them in play and meanwhile get a warning through to John Andrew. For his friend's sake he must make them think he was yielding until somehow or another he had got that warning through.

On this thought flashed another: his own code with his namesake! That code they had invented in fun and never made use of! He wondered could he smuggle his message through that way?

He recalled another hope too. His letter to his father! In that letter lay a slight chance of escape. Perhaps his father was reading it this very moment. It stretched as a link between his prison and his home, so that he felt no longer so lonely and helpless. And, besides, it might even bring his people here! Before they started off on their holiday they might take it into their heads to run down here and see him; and to thank his host for having him—that was just the sort of thing his father would do.

After all, then, he was not quite without resources. After all, he had chances of which his captors guessed nothing. If only he could keep them in tow for a little while!

Breaking his spell of silence, he rose to his feet. He said:

"I promised faithfully never to breathe it. How can I break my word in a hurry like this?"

They watched him reflectively, and waited.

"Will you give me till tomorrow to think it over if I give you my word not to try to escape in the meanwhile?"

The two men consulted one another with their eyes. "Word or no word," Hatz answered roughly; "we'll keep you close." In a slow, sombre voice Lapp announced, "You can have till tomorrow."

On which he signed to Hatz to open the door, and with his grip on Fruppeny's elbow pushed him forward. He did a strange thing next. For without a word, and keeping his captive close, he hobbled down the flagged passage into the air, where, using his rubber-shod staff with a hideous dexterity, he dragged his maimed limb after him down the descent till he stopped in front of the box let into the rock.

Here he paused an instant, breathing heavily with the exertion, and then produced a key which he put in the lock.

"Look!" he uttered grimly, flinging the door wide.

Fruppeny found himself staring into a deep cavity shaped like some great funnel and dropping seawards. For it was not so dark but that he could see underneath a froth and swirl of waters, which, as they sucked, seemed to send up to him a derisive chuckle. Yet it needed their note no more than the ironic gleam which had crept into

the cold eyes of his companion to inform him what had become of his letter to his father.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Historian of Great Men

WHEN ordinary people want to know about the great men who lived long ago in Greece and in Rome, that is when they want to see them as characters as we may see notable men of today by reading of them in the newspapers, they pick up an English translation of a book written by a Greek who was born about A.D. 46 and died about 120.

Of course, at that time Rome had swamped Greece by her power; but the mind of Greece more than held its own, and the most popular writings about both Greece and Rome come to us from Greece. The Greek whose date we have given contrived to write personal sketches of both great Greeks and great Romans, and to interweave their stories though they did not live at the same time.

He selected a Greek prominent in some distinct way, and then searched Roman history for some notable Roman who was prominent in the same way, and then he sketched both the men—their characters, aims, and doings—and compared and contrasted them. The name he gave to these stories when they were published was *Parallel Lives*, and the number of *Lives* he pictured was forty-six.

For example, he grouped together Romulus, the traditional founder of Rome, and Theseus, the traditional founder of Athens, the Theseus who is introduced by Shakespeare into his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Then he makes a twin study in warlike characters out of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, though they were centuries apart in time. And in oratory he finds his comparison between the Greek Demosthenes and the Roman Cicero. In this way, besides sketching the characters of the men, he comments on their likenesses and divergences.

It was from translations of this Greek writer that our Shakespeare, who had "little Latin and less Greek," read the lives of the great classical figures which he introduced into his splendid plays; and ordinary people often content themselves with following the example of Shakespeare and thankfully see the ancient heroes of Greece or Rome as they are pictured by their Greek biographer.

That biographer was a man of immense learning and wrote many books besides his *Parallel Lives*. He had a practical knowledge of government, for



he served under the great Roman Emperors Trajan and Hadrian. By Hadrian, to whom some histories say he had acted as tutor, he was made Procurator of Greece. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Don't miss this week's
**C. P.
WORKING
TOY**
The Revolving
Jib Crane

It's easy to make a real working toy model of a crane—which will really lift small weights and can be made to swing round on a turntable in a most realistic manner—from the design given in this week's CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL. This splendid issue is full of other fascinating features and photographs.

**CHILDREN'S
PICTORIAL**

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Now Sing Ye Birds, Sing, Sing a Joyous Song



D! MERRYMAN

DINER: What do you call this stuff?

Waiter: Mock turtle soup, sir.
Diner: Well, tell the chief he has carried his mockery too far.

Beheaded Word

WHOLE, I am what is often paid
By one friend to another:
What we would joyfully receive
From absent friend or brother.
Beheaded, I a question am,
Which, if you will transpose,
You need no further seek for it,
An answer will disclose.

Solution next week

The Roman Scorn

A ROMAN city had been stormed
by the Gauls, who promptly
started pillaging. A priest stopped
a soldier making off with sacred
vessels.

"Are you ignorant of your
orders, No plundering under
sentence of death?"

"I know," replied the Gaul,
"but our chief has taught us to
scorn death."

Do You Live at Sevenoaks?

J. R. GREEN, the historian,
thought this name referred to
a sacred group of trees which stood
here in olden times and formed an
ancient boundary mark. The sur-
name Snooks is a corruption of
Sevenoaks.

A Health Hint

A SHARK who had swum up a river
Exclaimed, "How I shake and
I shiver!

It's fresh water, I fear,
That is making me queer—
I am sure it is bad for the liver!"

Birds in Hiding

THE following clues indicate the
names of birds. Can you find
out what they are?

A cattlefold and two-thirds of
a sum of money.

A colour and a tool.

A celebrated architect.

A machine for lifting weights.

An animal, a vowel, and a pre-
position.

A sun and a sea fish.

Fine particles of stone and a
musician.

A letter of the alphabet.

An animal, a note in music, and
a measure.

Four-fifths of an English seaport.

Solutions next week

Hats of the World



Samoyede

North Russia

WHAT is that instrument with
which every tooth in your
head may be drawn, not only
without pain but without
consciousness of the operation,
provided only you keep your mouth
open? A black-lead pencil.

"I HEAR that you won four prizes
at school. Is that true?"

"Yes."
"What were they for?"

"Well, one of them was for ex-
cellence of memory, but I forget
what the others were for."

To what question has it been
always impossible to answer
anything but yes?

What does y e s spell?

An Onion Riddle



"Now listen, Snap," said Snip,
"I have

A problem you must probe.
Why is this vegetable like

The middle of the globe?"

Snap gave it up, which proved, of
course,

His wits were little worth.

"Because it is," explained his
friend,

"The scenter of the earth!"

Standing Room Only

I DO not mind you, little wasp,
Buzzing round about the yard,
But you a wicked trick have got
Of sitting down so very hard!

A Difficult Situation

A DOG was attacking a passer-
by, and the victim shouted to
the man who seemed to own it:

"Will you call off your dog, sir?"

"I can't," said he.

"Isn't it your dog?"

"Yes; but I have only just
bought it, and I can't remember its
name."

WHAT can we fill a barrel with
to make it lighter? Holes.

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in Mabel but not in
Jane,

My second's in silly but not in sane,
My third is in daughter but not in
son,

My fourth is in shortbread but not
in bun,

My fifth is in uncle but not in niece,
My sixth is in remnant but not in
piece,

My seventh's in simmer but not in
boil,

My eighth is in cluster but not in
coil,

My ninth is in stratum but not in
seam,

My whole brings to mind a pleasant
night's dream.

Answer next week

Not Good at Jumping

SOME passengers in a train were
discussing the jumping powers
of animals.

"A horse I once had," remarked
one, "thought nothing of jumping
two high hedges with a footpath
between them."

"A little while ago I saw a dead
donkey jump as high as St. Paul's
Cathedral," said another.

"A dead donkey doesn't jump,"
said the first speaker, while the
other passengers laughed.

"Neither does St. Paul's Cath-
edral," was the reply.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Mystery. The figure 8.

A Geometrical Word. CLOCK, LOCK.

A Word-Building Picture Puzzle

S-top, pin-e, s-cone, s-tack, cap-e,

ring, t-rick, p-rose.

Jacko Tries to Earn Some Money

JACKO was always very short of money. It really wasn't to
be wondered at, for he was so naughty that his pocket-
money was docked pretty well every week.

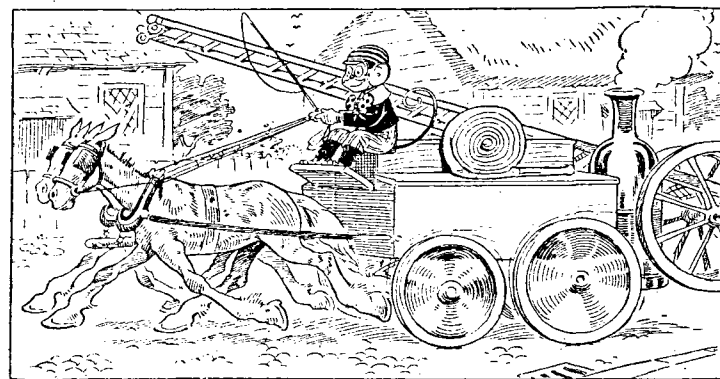
"I'm cleaned right out," he said one day, feeling in his empty
pockets. And he sat down and had a good think as to how he
could raise some money.

Mrs. Jacko wasn't at all sympathetic. She was busy making
jam, and she elbowed Jacko away and told him she had no
pennies to spare. She wouldn't even offer a reward for chasing
wasps out of the kitchen!

Jacko at last sorrowfully came to the conclusion that there
was no money to be made indoors, and that he must try out-
side. So he walked down the village street, hoping against hope
that something would turn up.

And it did. Suddenly he caught sight of clouds of black
smoke belching out of a chimney. He rushed to the door of
the house and banged on it. An old lady appeared at the door,
and Jacko nearly scared her out of her life by telling her that
her chimney was on fire.

But she wasn't too frightened to give Jacko sixpence, and
she promised him another if he would fetch the fire-engine.



Away he went at a terrific speed

Of course Jacko tore off to the fire station as hard as he
could go. But there wasn't anybody about.

"I'll take the engine out myself," he said. "I might even
be given half-a-crown if I put the fire out on my own."

He soon had the fire-engine out in the street, and away it
went at a terrific speed, with the bell clanging to warn people to
get out of the way.

When Jacko arrived at the house he felt tremendously im-
portant. Quite a crowd had gathered; they cheered like mad
when they saw the fire-engine.

It didn't take long to hitch the hose on to the water-main,
and then Jacko rushed up the fire-escape on to the roof, and
began pouring water into the chimney.

He had never felt so happy in his life!

As a matter of fact, the fire had about burned itself out by the
time he arrived, and soon there wasn't even a vestige of smoke
to be seen. All at once the old lady popped her head out of
the window.

"Stop it at once!" she screamed. "The house is full of
water!"

But Jacko *couldn't* stop. He didn't know how to turn off
the water!

Half the things in the house would have been ruined if the
police hadn't turned up and put things right.

As for Jacko, his father was so angry when he heard all
about it that he stopped his pocket-money for a whole month.

Ici on Parle Français



La selle Le savetier Un ananas

Le cavalier s'assied sur la selle
Le savetier raccommode les bottes
L'ananas est un fruit délicieux



Une étoile Le poisson Le nid

Les étoiles brillent dans le ciel
Voici un poisson assez curieux
Voyez-vous des œufs dans ce nid?

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your
town, and how many die? Here are
the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1926	1925
London	6577	6948
Glasgow	2063	2137
Manchester	1214	1315
Dublin	901	942
Belfast	830	824
Edinburgh	619	692
Walsall	185	186
Brighton	174	190
Ipswich	108	102
Aberdare	77	84
Chester	77	65
Bath	63	87

The four weeks are up to July 3, 1926

Tales Before Bedtime

Tommy's Garden

TOMMY lived in London, in a
flat, where there was no
garden, and he was so fond of
flowers.

"Never mind," said the
little boy, Jock, who lived next
door. "I have a lovely gar-
den, and you can have one
too!"

He showed him a window-
box outside his bedroom win-
dow, full of seeds. There was
a lot of cotton over the seeds
to keep the birds from them.

"I think it's a splendid
idea," said Tommy, and he
told his mother. Away they
went to buy some seeds, and
Tommy waited for the results.

But just as the tiny little
specks of green began to come
through Tommy had to go
away with his mother.

The young woman who was
looking after the flat promised
to look after the seeds, and to
water them every day, and
Tommy went off quite happy.

But Tommy was away much
longer than he had expected,
and when he got home again
and ran to the window the box
was not there!

The young woman said it
disappeared the day after he
had gone, and she never saw
it again.

Tommy was in a way. He
asked the dustman and the
baker and the milkman and
the butcher and ever so many
other people if they had seen
his garden. But none of them
had, and Tommy thought very
sorrowfully of how beautiful
the flowers should have been
looking now.

Tommy could have cried, he
was so disappointed. He ran
to the flat where his friend
Jock lived to tell him all about



One was Tommy's

it. Before Tommy could say
anything, though, Jock caught
hold of his hand and dragged
him to his bedroom window-sill,
and there, side by side, were
two window-boxes. One was
Tommy's!

"You look surprised," said
Jock, with a laugh. "You see,
after you had gone away I
was so afraid your flowers
would die that I ran in and
took the box away and put it
with mine."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 31, 1926

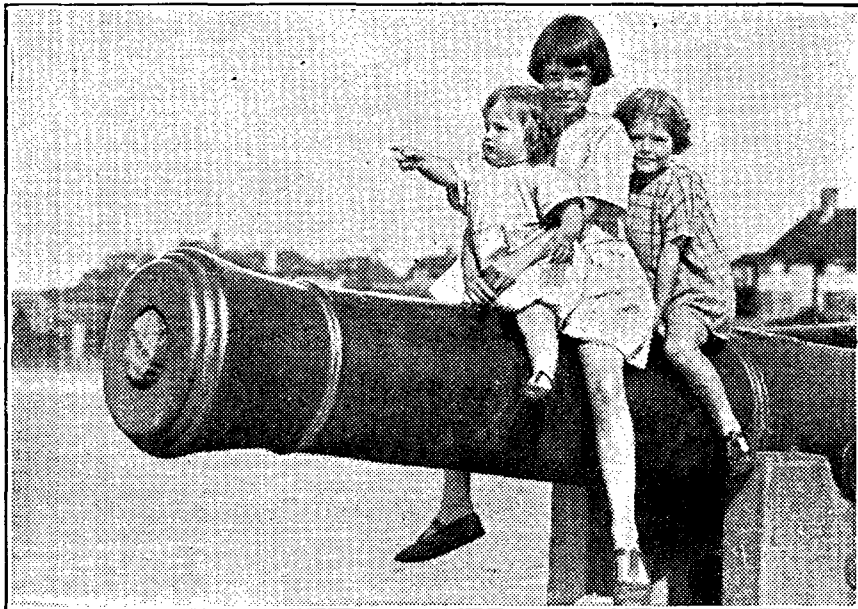
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THE BOY WHO WAS EMPEROR • ELECTRIC POLICEMAN • WOOD FOR ENGINES



The Amateur Sailors—Although holiday-makers do not always enjoy sailing if the sea is a little rough, sailing-boats are well patronised, as we see by this picture from Blackpool



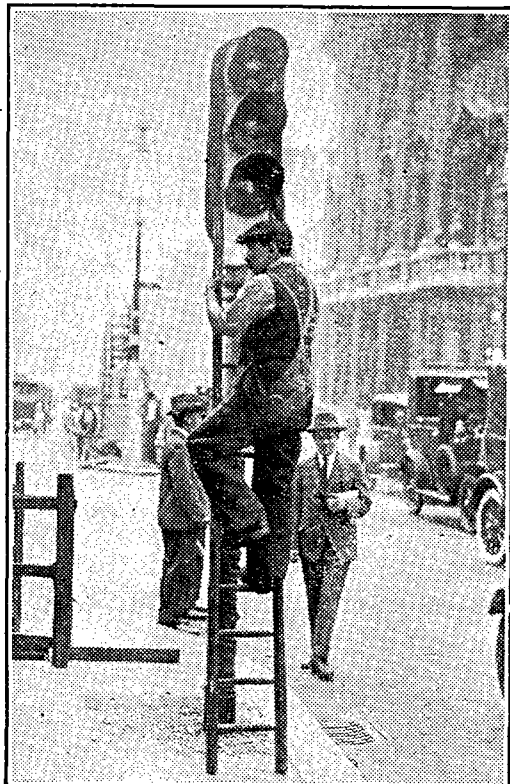
A Good Use for a Gun—At many places on the coast old-fashioned guns are used as ornaments, but these three little visitors to Bexhill find that one of these guns makes a convenient seat



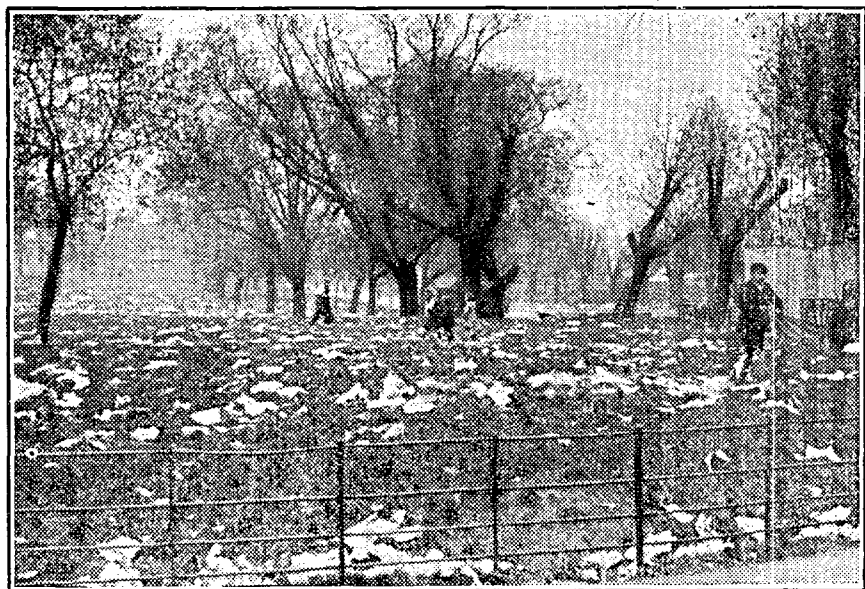
Moving Stairs Under the Tramcars—At Balham, London, the moving stairways at the Underground station are being built under the tramlines in the main road, while the tram service is carried on as usual



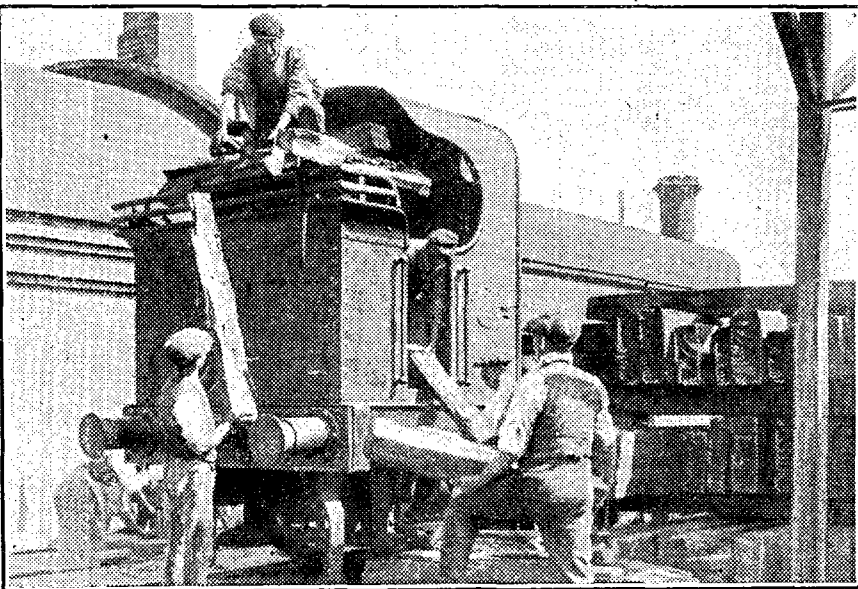
The Boy Who Was Emperor of China—This picture was taken when Lord and Lady Willingdon visited the ex-Emperor and Empress of China. Lord Willingdon, who was British Minister to China and is to be the next Governor-General of Canada, is seated behind the Empress



The Mechanical Policeman—Electric signals of coloured lights, one of which is here seen being erected in Piccadilly, are part of the new scheme for controlling London traffic. They are worked from a central cabin



Can We Have a Bank Holiday Without This?—Next Monday is Bank Holiday, and it is hoped that everyone will remember the King's famous appeal that our parks and open spaces should be kept free from litter. This picture shows what a disfigurement the litter becomes



Wood Fuel for Engines—At a London & North Eastern Railway depot near Boston 400,000 sleepers are being seasoned in readiness for use on the permanent way. Owing to the coal shortage old sleepers are broken up and used as fuel for the shunting engines, as shown here

THE MAGIC OF SPITSBERGEN AND ITS FAMOUS MEN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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